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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Keeping Pace With Life

IT would, we suppose, be granted without any controversy that though ours is an age of intellectual curiosity it is hardly one of intellectual speculation. The masses are too busy living, and the leaders are too busy rationalizing, for any large proportion of the people to be indulging in abstract theorizing. Much of our intellectual effort goes not into philosophizing but into humanizing, not into justifying the ways of God to man but into examining the ways of man in relation to the gods of production.

It could not well be otherwise in a civilization so impetuous and so fertile as that of present-day America. Speculation, after all, except in the case of the rare individual who is superior to the jostling distractions of the senses, is the concomitant of quiet and solitude. It needs the long leisure of uninterrupted days to be consecutive, and to batten it must have a modicum of stability in the conditions on which it bases its interest. Now, American civilization, at any rate American urban civilization, and we are increasingly becoming a nation of city-dwellers, is the very negation of all that makes for rumination. It is vigorous, it is colorful, it is febrile, it is impressionistic, it is anything but brooding. Your urbanite is more and more the prey of his senses. How can he project his thinking into the abstract, when every moment and from every direction the immediate and the physical are being forced upon his consciousness? Sound, light, movement bombard him steadily. He is being whirled from one place and one obligation to another, the building he has gazed at today tomorrow has yielded to a different, the book he was reading yesterday next month is forgotten for a later, the very business he trembled to establish has been merged into a greater. Change is the order of his day, so how can concentration be the habit of his thinking?

Naturally this condition must have its reaction on our literature. In fiction it has quite obviously found its reflection in the stripped narrative and staccato dialogue so frequent in the contemporary novel, while in *belles lettres* it has shown a negative reaction in the absence of the pleasantly discursive peregrinations into the byways of observation which once constituted the stuff of our essays. Moreover, it has, we believe had its reflection not alone in the character but also in the number of our novels. To a certain extent it has brought about in the field of fiction a situation analogous to that which the writing of free verse introduced into that of poetry. Today everyone seems to feel himself competent to write fiction. And why not, since fiction is so often content to be a portrayal of externalities, a mere reportorial reproduction of scenes and incidents untinctured by thought, untransmuted by a reasoned philosophy from a picture of living to an interpretation of life? When dialogue can be reduced to the mere give and take of intercourse, when character is supposed to be revealed through conversation and to be explicable on the basis of half-understood psychological theories, and when musing is held to weaken narration, then the person whose knowledge of humanity is a mere veneer of superficial observation, who takes no time to see living in perspective or ponder upon it sufficiently to see a pattern to existence, can dare to believe that by merely stringing scenes together with a meretricious attention to detail, carrying them along on a thread of clever or risqué dialogue, he can produce a novel that is worth the reading.

Impressions do not necessarily constitute knowledge, any more than analysis and interpretation presuppose dulness. To make literature out of living requires the solvent of meditation. All the forces of our civilization are against meditation. Yet there are a thousand manifestations of our social culture that cry out for it. The problem for our literature seems to be how to bring into pregnant relation the reflective mind that naturally shuns confusion and hurry, and the hurry and confusion so prolific of phenomena for consideration. That, in the last analysis, we suppose, is a problem for the individual.

Babylon

By LIZETTE WOODSWORTH REESE

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.

Nursery Rhyme.

YOU change, I change, not Babylon
Not Babylon at all
And its rich, quiet loveliness;
Field, turnpike, wall.

The country carts in creaking blue
At a whip's crack
Go up the hill and down the hill
And then creak back.

In Sunday dusks the small girls pull
The larkspurs there,
For pink white wreaths to set within
Their books of prayer.

This Week

"A Survey of Modernist Poetry," and "Contemporaries and Snobs."
Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN.

"John Jacob Astor."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"War."
Reviewed by LEONARD H. NASON.

"Overshadowed."
Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL.

"The Deruga Trial."
Reviewed by E. W. BENSON.

"The Science of Society."
Reviewed by NATHAN MILLER.

John Mistletoe.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The Brownings."
Reviewed by SAMUEL CHEW.

Next Week, or Later

Salvation by Philosophy.
By RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Ineffable Snark*

By H. M. KALLEN

Come listen, my men, while I tell you again
The five unmistakable marks
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
The warranted, genuine snarks.

Let us take them in order. The first is the taste.
Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp:
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavor of Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Its habit of getting up late, you'll agree
That it carries too far when I say
That it frequently breakfasts at five o'clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

The third is its slowness in taking a jest.
Should you happen to venture on one
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed:
And it always looks grave at a pun.

The fourth is its fondness for bathing machines
Which it constantly carries about
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes—
A sentiment open to doubt.

The fifth is ambition. It next will be right
To describe each particular batch:
Distinguishing those that have feathers and bite,
From those that have whiskers and scratch.

For although common snarks do no manner of harm
Yet I feel it my duty to say
Some are Boojums——

WHEN Dante belonged to the apothecaries' guild and Villon to the goodly fellowship of thieves, their craft was a hidden lore and their trades owned a religious secret and a heavenly inspiration and protector. Carpentry was no less from the gods than prophecy and weaving than poetry: for every craftsman had his company and was the initiated master of a mystery. The time is long past when the carpenter, the weaver, the smith and the barber surgeon referred their arts to a revelation from on high and practised them under the inspiration and supervision of the appropriate patron divinities. The mystery has departed from them. The guild has been replaced by the trades-union; the apprentice by the schoolboy. Knowledge of materials and the tradition of workmanship are now imparted in the open, without initiation and without ritual. Such vestiges of the mysteries of a craft which survive, survive by virtue of a new function. They serve no longer to transmit a technique. They serve only to pay for a companionate conviviality or to insure "union standards and conditions." Alone religion and poetry continue to dwell by usage and consent in the mysterious fane. That religion should do so is to be expected. Mystery is its vocation and it fights a rearguard action before the light. Churches institutionalize mysteries and churchmen practice them for livelihood. It has ever been so, and so it will remain while religion survives among men.

Mystification in poetry has a less consistent history. To some degree it flows and ebbs like a backwater tide. One day the companions of the craft will be all for scientific matter-of-factness, for positivism, and verbalizing efficiency; another day they will be all for inspiration and metaphysics. But on the whole, inspiration and metaphysics have ruled the field. In spite of the long tradition of empirical criticism which Aristotle's "Poetics" began, the earlier, more primitive Platonic sentiment still overrules the scientific insight. Poets from Horace to Poe, from Poe to Amy Lowell, have in vain laid bare the fane. Estheticians and psychologists, from

*A SURVEY OF MODERNIST POETRY. By LAURA RIDING and ROBERT GRAVES. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928.
CONTEMPORARIES AND SNOBS. By LAURA RIDING. The same.

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Aristotle to Freud and from Ribot to Kostyleff, have in vain laid bare the anatomy of the machine out of which Dionysus and Apollo illusorily step. Each generation rehabilitates the mystery for itself. As Emerson writes: "The universal nature, too strong for the petty nature of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his hand; so that when he seems to vent a mere caprice and wild romance, the issue is an exact allegory. Hence Plato said that poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand."

The perennial notion that the poet is a vehicle for something in men called Poetry by whose inspiration and power he is a poet is a notion set forth and argued anew in the most recent vindication of poetry and derogation of poets by two contemporaries of the craft.

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According to Mr. Graves and Miss Riding, there exists an Eternal Something which they call Poetry or A Poem. This Eternal Something takes possession of the poet and utters itself through him. Why it should behave in so peculiar a way they do not explain. It is enough for them that "the poem exists before it is written," that it is absolute and can neither be born, nor grow, nor decay, nor be better or worse, as is the fate of those unfortunate events of experience which are not poems. "There is no progress of poetry any more than there is a progress of time. There is a progress of matter, but this is a permanent progress of corruption." Progress in the art of poetry, consequently, is an alteration in the personality of the poet without any effect on the character of his poem. The poet is the medium through which Poetry becomes manifest to the city of the world; the Mother Immaculate in whom that Word which is God comes to immaculate conception and is made print and dwells on earth. The perfect poet would be an utterly transparent medium leaving the white radiance of Poetry unstained: "authorship is not a matter of the right use of the will but the enlightened withdrawal of the will to make room for a new will."

In itself, this antiquated and curious doctrine is so commonplace an antiquity and curiosity that it would not need to detain the attention. Croce is the last who spoke it as one having authority. Miss Riding and Mr. Graves combine with it, however, another doctrine which is the antithesis of this one. They hold that the poet who should be the transparent, passive instrument of Poetry-with-a capital-P, must at the same time be a complete and ineffable individual, as ineffable as Poetry itself, that he must be a sort of Steinerian Ego, even more unashamed of his person than Maxwell Bodenheim, and even more idiosyncratic in his utterance than Gertrude Stein. They do not mention Maxwell Bodenheim among the practitioners of modern poetry who are signalized as contemporaries or snobs, or both, although none they do mention incarnates their ideal Poet. So far as I can see, only a personality who lives like Bodenheim and writes like Stein could be its enfleshment, their Poetic Mother of their Poetic Word made man and dwelling on earth. Everybody else, whatever school he may belong to, is a human being living in an environment to which he is sensitive and responds. His poems are his reactions to the *Zeitgeist*, to Criticism, to Science, and to all the other items of the complex of institutions, traditions, and activities of which civilization is made up. Riding and Graves, in the rôle of law-givers to poets, however, require the poet to be responsive only to "Poetry-with-a-capital-P"; and then not really responsive but simply non-resistent to the transcendental Poetry which syphons itself through his personality. They declare that he does and must fight the *Zeitgeist* and everything else in defense and vindication of the integrity of the living, unique personality which he is. What this Poetry would be about, could the poet meet their requirements and be like God, a Person-in-a-Vacuum, they refrain from saying.

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One cannot doubt the wisdom of this abstemiousness, particularly in face of the data and reasonings they use to establish their argument. Instead of unique poetic personalities working at science, criticism, or poetry and responding to the uniquely individual events of time and place and circumstance, they marshal a squad of institutional abstractions, personified through the pathetic fallacy like figures in a medieval morality play, and modern only in that the personification is unmarked by capital letters. Instead of exhibiting living experiences, they manipulate general philosophic abstractions which are not even derived from experience. And they manipulate them in order to prove and to vindicate the very individuality which they set up to oppose to these abstractions. By means of metaphysical, sociological discussion of poets and poetry, Miss Riding and Mr. Graves purport to nullify the obvious social background and social origins of the poetic personality and the poetic imagination.

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For example, Miss Riding distinguishes between civilization and barbarism. To her, civilization is a system of specialization and individuality; barbarism is merely collectivism of any sort. With the movement from the medieval ot the modern world, the place and function of the poet, she notices, has been changed. The change consists in the fact that the modern poet is not included in his environment as were the poets of earlier times in theirs. Today's poet has an appeal which is specific and limited: instead of one general audience for all poets, each poet now has his own particular audience just as each priest has his own particular congregation of devotees and each grocer his own particular concourse of customers. Whether the historical observation be correct or not—and I regard it as obviously false— it is true that there are individual, though often overlapping, publics for individual artists just as there are individual collections of customers for individual grocers. The position of the poet in this respect is not different from the position of any other craftsman—be he doctor, lawyer, merchant, or thief, butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker. But Miss Riding deduces from this general eventuality of modern life a special piece of—to her—bad luck for the poet. It has rendered poetry, she deplores, a mere art, an insecure craft in an inimical world, ever under the duress of defending itself against competitors. Upon the poet the eventuality has imposed the task of being critic as well as poet. It has forced him away from reality and imposed upon him snobbism and the withdrawal from life. Poetry, which to her and Mr. Graves is "not a minor branch of civilization but a complete and separate form of energy . . . has now," she moans, "assumed the position of philosophy," as if no such poets as Lucretius or Horace or Dante or Goethe or Shakespeare or Parmenides or Theognis or Tennyson or Fitzgerald had ever existed, and no Matthew Arnold had anticipated T. S. Eliot. It is enough merely to point out how thoroughly these conclusions contradict the premises they are derived from. To Mr. Graves and to Miss Riding the modern poet is endowed with all the attributes of the elusive ineffable Snark; and neither their thimbles nor their care, their forks nor their hope, their menacing railway share, nor their smiles and soap can turn one up. For their Snark is a Boojum, and no contemporary fills the bill.

The self contradictions which appear in the description of events—even of poetic events—have, as a rule, one of two sources, or both. Of these sources the first is a contradiction inherent in the fluxful nature of things themselves. Because each thing must be born and grow up and grow old and die, its generic name must describe a multitude of opposed qualities and combative attributes. Contradiction, therefore, is its heart; its biography must be a drama of inconsistencies bound by the continuity of its living phases from its start to its finish. The other source of self-contradiction is a conflict of motives in the heart of the observer. This leads to confusion in his mind.

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The biography of poetry as a succession in civilization of events of a certain kind is of its own nature full of enough dramatic confrontations and conflicts to satisfy the greediest appetite for contradiction. It does not require an added embroilment of disturbed emotions in its biographers and analysts. Yet, the painful impression comes to me that this, rather than insight, is what Mr. Graves and Miss Riding bring to their discussion of poetry. Who knows what frustrations and repressions and somnambulisms lie behind their morbid insistence on "personal reality" and their quarrelsome denunciations of schools and sects? Who knows what drives them to flight from the really personal experience of making poems to a metaphysical world in which making poems is an illusion? If what they say about the nature of poetry is true, what they say about the personal reality of the poet and his relation to the world he lives in cannot be true. If their views of the unique personality of the poet and his imagination are correct, their views of the nature of poetry are compensatory rationalizations. From the point of view of living experience, a poem, like a child, is an event in biography. It is no immaculate perfection descended from the empyrean. Its conception presupposses the impact of stimulation from the surrounding world. Its maturation in the poet's mind and its final setting down in words presuppose the idiosyncrasy of the poet's character reacting to the impact of all the forces he is able to respond to. It's publication launches it into a competitive free-for-all in which other poems, publication methods, publicity, and reviewers are potent factors. Whether it will survive or perish determines itself by the same process which determines the extinction or survival of every other item in the world. No more mystery attaches to its origin and struggle for survival than to that of any other person or event.

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Now a poet is a craftsman who has acquired unusual skill in the manipulation of words. Poets' mythology and critical tradition to the contrary notwithstanding his sensibilities are not so important as his skills. A deaf Beethoven is still a greater musician than an infinitely more sensitive Pavlovian dog. Empirically, the mastery of the medium of expression has far more significance than sensitive awareness of the causes which give rise to expression. Were it not so, every Freud would be a Leonardo. One of the most persistent errors of the usual philosophies of poetry and the other arts is the belief that the meaning of the poem is identical with its cause, and that poetic utterance communicates the experience which evokes the utterance. This happens sometimes, and is often intended by poets. But far more often the gulf between that which becomes a poem and that which the poem communicates is as deep as the gulf between the bouquet of a flower and the fertilizer out of which it grows. Empirically, poetry is a highly skilled transformation of different types of experience into verbal experience. Empirically, poetry is not a reproduction of different types of experience by means of verbal experience.

Now verbal experience is extremely complex. It has always involved the synergy of two abilities: the ability to make sounds and the ability to hear them. And since the elaboration and spread of the art of printing, verbal experience in the western world has more and more required the ability to see sounds.

To the modern, and far more intensely to the modernist, verbal sound is conditioned upon three activities of the personality: the speech-producing, the auditory, and the visual. But it is *verbal* sound for still another reason. And this reason is the sense which it makes. No verbal sound—whether addressed to the ear or to the eye—exists, which is not a sign for something other than itself. It is no news that its function as a sign can be reënforced by its nature as a sound or sight; there is an element of news in the observation that the intrinsic character of verbal sound may conflict with its significative purpose and weaken it. Until very recently the height of poetic skill was held to lie in the perfection with which sound and sense could be fused. And this view still prevails in respectable critical circles, in which I with small hesitation include Miss Riding and Mr. Graves. Their discussion of modernist poetry ignores precisely the specific difference in virtue of which it *is* modern. I feel their analysis of Messrs. E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, the Sitwells, Paul Valéry, and others, to be acute. But I fail to find that a single one of the categories which they apply to these contemporaries is inapplicable to any poet in the long history of poetry. It is because of this generic, unindividualized significance of their categories that they are able in specific respects to assimilate Mr. E. E. Cummings to Mr. Wm. Shakespeare. They recognize that both poets aim at a compenetration of sound with sense. And the sense which the poet is ostensibly sounding is either some ineffable feeling or some philosophic vision. Sense makes sound and sound makes sense. The impression which the sound sets up in the ear is required to be if not coincident, at least continuous, with the image or meaning it communicates to the mind.

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It need not be argued that this can be said of all poetry. What can be said of modernist poetry is another story. This story has its beginnings in the influence of the printer's art upon the poet's technique. Language used to be something spoken and heard. It is now hardly less something spoken and seen. The typographical differences between the upper and lower case letters, the shape and purpose

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of punctuation marks, were presumably parallel to, and signified, heard differences in the pattern, rhythm, and pitch of the spoken word. The modes of spelling and capitalization were crystalizations of social evaluations and personal attitudes toward things. With the growing use of the printed word and the development of such arts as those of the advertiser came a growing realization of the delicacies and nuances of expression which typography is capable of. As makers of advertising-display long since realized, the size and shape of letters influence the attention and emotions of their readers. Even more do their visual arrangements as black patterns on a white page. Empathy is at work. The design they compose in black and white awakens an appropriate and characteristic emotion. The heart feels as the eye is moved.

In the printing of music this situation is, of course, traditional and commonplace. The analogy in that art between the visual pattern with its meaning in sound, the correspondence of rhythm, pitch, tempo, and the like with the shapes, spacing, and position of black marks on white paper, are known to the most illiterate. They provide the stimulus to a certain synæsthesia of sight and sound. In verbal typography, however, this exploitation of synæsthesia is the modern novelty. Its earliest use by authentic poets was for comic purposes, and it has recurred in comic weeklies for many years. It came into serious use when serious poets recognized on their own account that upper and lower case letters, punctuation marks, and the like carry emotional significances in themselves, and began to use them on that basis. An outstanding instance of such use can be observed in the work of Mr. E. E. Cummings. As Mr. Graves and Miss Riding point out, Cummings has a personal typographical system. Every letter, every comma in a poem of his has a meaning all its own. Each element must be taken into consideration and dealt with as meticulously as each element in a printed musical composition. The result is that Cummings's poems come to us not primarily as designs in the compenetration of sound and sense but as designs in the compenetration of sight and sound and sense. Each poem is a pure design in black and white whose appearance as a unit is intended to be, at least equally with the sound, symbolic of the sense.

In this characteristic lies Mr. Cummings differentia as a new species of the genus Poet, as a *bona fide* modernist. The logic of his technique should lead to the use of a great variety of fonts, to varicolored inks and vari-tinted paper. It should require him, in addition to being a critic and exponent of the *Zeitgeist* and a philosopher and all the other things that Laura Riding and Robert Graves do not like him to be, to be a master of the typographer's art. Obviously, the potentialities here are still untouched; the surface of possibility has been barely scratched. But it may be that they are likely to remain so. Miss Gertrude Stein's endeavor to reduce words to tom-tom sound patterns and Mr. E. E. Cummings's endeavor to reduce words to spatial designs in two dimensions, and still to keep them words, cannot be said to have met with that success which points to survival. So long as words are worked as symbols and have meanings, identification between what they are and what they mean is impossible. The modernist spirit has been one which strives after this impossibility. Whether in terms of the esthetics of Mr. Graves and Miss Riding or in terms of the "makings" of Mr. Cummings and Miss Stein, it is hunting an ineffable Snark. That kind of Snark, once found, turns into a Boojum, and its hunters softly and suddenly vanish away. Even the unProtean snark of ordinary modernism is as rare as he is difficult to catch. And when the time is at hand that he is no longer rare, he will either have ceased to be modern, or have ceased to be.

"In Norwich it is possible that there are still some people who regard R. H. Mottram as a banker and who have yet to learn of his international fame as a novelist and the author of 'The Spanish Farm' trilogy," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "For until last year, when he abandoned business for literature, Mr. Mottram was employed in the Norwich branch of a famous bank. Now we hear he has written for Chatto and Windus a 'History of Financial Speculation,' which seems a long way from Mr. Mottram's usual style of fiction. Perhaps the cynical will consider that Mr. Mottram is here dealing with fiction more than ever."

The First Astor

JOHN JACOB ASTOR. By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE chief reason why there has been but one previous biography of the first Astor in sixty years is the difficulty of the subject. The poor German lad who died worth twenty millions, and outstripped everyone of his generation in America in the accumulation of wealth, was a remarkable man. He was remarkable not so much for his shrewdness, energy, penurious temper, and intensity of concentration upon money aims (traits which marked Stephen Girard and other lesser men as much as himself) as for his ability to plan far-reaching combinations. He had some of the gifts of an empire-builder. Planting himself in New York just after the Revolution, going into the fur trade, making the most of the new opportunities on the frontier which Jay's treaty opened up, he had fairly found himself when Jefferson sent Lewis and Clark to explore the Louisiana Purchase country. Astor saw the possibilities of a colossal and, though hazardous, an immensely profitable enterprise. He would place a great depot on the Columbia River, cover the Far Northwest with his trappers and traders, send his fleets of ships to carry the furs to China, take Chinese

(Courtesy of William Edwin Rudge)
Part of the vast Astor fortune was derived through the purchase of farm-land on the outskirts of the old city of New York which has now grown a crop like that pictured on the woodblock by Betty Lark reproduced above.

cargoes to Europe, and bring European cargoes back to the United States. His employees would convert the Northwest into an American domain, while his vessels, circumnavigating the globe and selling three cargoes on each trip, would link America, Asia, and Europe far closer than before. The undertaking feel short of success. But it made Astor for twenty-five years the centre of intricate, highly competitive, and sometimes rather obscure trading operations on the Pacific Coast and in the trans-Mississippi country, and a man whose affairs were touched by many and complicated factors.

Part of Astor's story is attractive and picturesque —the story of his Waldorf boyhood, his three years in England, his voyage to the Chesapeake, and his apprenticeship in New York. Part of it is picturesque and repellent—the story of his purchase of New York real estate, his keenness in acquiring and foreclosing mortgages, and his mercilessness as "New York's landlord." But the greater part of any biography of Astor must be a history of Astoria, the American Fur Company, the Pacific Fur Company, the Northwest Company, the Columbia Fur Company, the Upper Missouri Outfit, the Rock Mountain Fur Company, and so on; of trappers, traders, post-factors, army expeditions, Indian tribes, the development of steamboating, the slow progress of settlement, and in short, many sides of Western growth between 1808 and 1834. It is interesting but it is complex. Till H. M. Chittenden's study of the American fur trade some twenty-five years ago only the rudiments of information were available. Much work has been done since on Western history, and recently much light has been thrown on international diplomacy which affected Astor's ventures. But the field is not for the amateur, and even the expert would hardly approach it without misgivings.

Mr. Smith's book, a companion volume to his biography of Commodore Vanderbilt, is a valuable summary, but it is popular rather than scholarly in character. The author has taken his task seriously and spent much patient industry upon it. He presents in highly interesting form a great body of facts, which he appraises and marshals with excellent judgment. He has a firm grasp of Astor's character, and has immersed himself in the printed materials on his work and time. He has gone to some of the more accessible manuscript materials, such as the original of the Hone Diary (though the materials which he cites from it as unprinted are all in the latest published edition). The result is a book which for the ordinary reader and even casual student is quite adequate. It is sometimes rather irritatingly colloquial in style, with passages which read as if Mr. Smith were patting us on the shoulder. There are indications here and there that the author is not profoundly versed in Western history, or even general American history. A few footnote references would have improved it for almost anyone. But it is based on wide reading, it makes use of the latest books, it gives us plenty of detail without obscuring the wood by the trees, and it is accurate. For the first time we have a well-wrought and comprehensive popular life of Astor.

What we do not have is a scholarly study which explores new ground and settles the more vexatious of the problems found in Astor's ambitious career. This we cannot have till someone thoroughly ransacks the archives and manuscript collections of Canada as well as the United States. There are undoubtedly letters by and to Astor which have not yet been utilized, and which would throw new light on his motives and methods. It would be particularly interesting to know more of the precise channels through which he reached Congress and the executive departments in Washington; for when necessary he could reach them very effectively, as when he induced Congress in 1816 to exclude aliens from any share, except as employees, in the fur trade, and when half a dozen years later he brought about the abolition of the government trading posts. It would be interesting also to know just what part the jealousy and opposition of the trading interests at St. Louis played in 1807-08 in inducing Astor to give up the invasion of the Far Northwest by way of the Missouri River, and undertake it by way of the Columbia River. Again, the comparative importance of the various sources of the Astor fortune—which part of it came from tea and Chinese goods, which part from shrewd purchases of New York realty, which part from furs, and which part from government loans—is of interest, and is a subject for the elucidation of which Mr. Smith cannot furnish us much material. According to Parton, the capitalist profited immensely by some lucky cargoes of tea which eluded the British cruisers early in the war of 1812. According to the New York *Tribune* at his death, he made great sums by combining with Girard and Parish in 1884 to buy a huge block of government bonds at a discount of about one-fifth, paying for them in banknotes worth fifty cents on the dollar—bonds which sold at 120 a year after peace. It seems probable that many of the later methods of the Astor family in realty transactions, such as their practise of keeping a large sum of ready money at hand to enable them to seize on the opportunities of mortgage-foreclosure or forced sales, were borrowed from John Jacob Astor.

In his estimate of Astor's character Mr. Smith is highly successful. He gives us a lifelike impression of the man, heavy and deliberate, but extremely shrewd and sure, affable and humorous, but at bottom hard and ruthless, eager to pose as a patriot, yet never forgetting self-interest in any dealings with the government. Previous writers have left highly contradictory portraits of Astor. Mr. Smith resolves these contradictions, and makes his personality a consistent whole. He does justice to Astor's good qualities—his devotion to his wife and family, his respect for scholarship, shown in his zeal for edu-

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cating his son, William, at Columbia and Göttingen, and his flashes of benevolence. After all, there have been American millionaires who have bequeathed a smaller part of their fortunes to public objects than Astor did when he gave $400,000 for a library in New York, and remembered also the German Society, several asylums and homes, and the poor of his native village of Waldorf. It can be said also for Astor that he believed firmly in the great destiny of his adopted country, and that he dared to risk heavy expenditures of labor and money upon that belief. Not all great commercial schemes in the United States have had so much a tinge of public interest as Astor's. On the other hand, Mr. Smith traces a subtle deterioration in Astor's character. He grew harsher, more grasping, more acquisitive as the years passed; his range of pursuits and acquaintances contracted; his soul seemed to shrink as his moneybags expanded. He might have become broader and mellower, as Carnegie did; but intellectually and morally he lost ground. His ruling passion proved in the end too much for him. Yet even in rendering this verdict, Mr. Smith can add a palliating word: "At his most detestable, he was no hypocrite, but rather his own worst enemy, prey to a moral blindness which was instinctive rather than reasoned."

War As It Is

WAR. By LUDWIG RENN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD H. NASON

Author of "Chevrons"

THIS book, by a German soldier, and therefore a simple man, might have been written by any other soldier of the last war. I have read a great many books about the War, some by officers and a few by soldiers, but very few of these put down what they saw. They put down what they thought people would have liked them to see, or they put down what they themselves would have liked to have seen but didn't. Mr. Renn, or let us say, Sergeant Renn, put down what he saw just as he saw it, and let it go at that. There are no trimmings in this book, no effort to hold the reader's attention, no suspense, no rumblings offstage, no trick lighting effects, no attempt at philosophizing. This makes, of course, for a certain monotony of style that at times is so serious as to annoy the reader. That is, however, the way to portray war.

There are no trimmings in modern warfare, it is a most disagreeable business. I am glad Sergeant Renn did not try to portray it otherwise. He has no romance in his book either. He mentions once that he and some of his friends went to a house and saw two French girls in bed. He, Renn, however, did nothing, but came away and does not say if he ever went there again. Sergeant Renn, you and me both. One never knows into whose hands one of these books may fall. No, but early in the book Sergeant Renn and I began to be friends. I was a sergeant myself. He describes a moment in his first battle where he and his squad had taken shelter behind a house. They had no idea where the French were, but they were under heavy fire, and a number of men had been killed. Bullets cracked, men dropped here and there like ninepins. An officer hurried by and Renn had a thought. Not Glory, Honor, Fatherland! Onward Christian Soldiers! For The Honor Of The Old Regiment! Forward the Light Brigade! To Death or Victory. No. None of these. But a perfectly honest soldier thought, that the reviewer has had many a time. Suppose this officer sees us here behind the house? It's a matter that will take some explaining, and I being the section leader will have to do it. "Forward, boys, the looey has spotted us and we've got to get out of here!" In front of the house is a wheat field, the French, bullets, smoke, fire, and death. Behind the house is the rock pile, courtmartial, disgrace. A wounded comrade calls to them to stay, but Renn replies that he has something else on his mind. They go forward, and the wounded man, rather than be left alone, gets up and hobbles after them. Now that description is not art, but the truth. But it is just as hard to tell the truth in a book as it is to tell it in daily life, so we must give Sergeant Renn credit for that.

Sergeant Renn's effort at truthfulness leads him into monotonous passages. He describes the life in a small French village street in the early morning. He comes out of the door. The door has two steps before it. He goes down them. He comes to the street. He turns to the right. He raises his eyes. He sees a dog. The dog runs across the street to a brown house. The house is closed. Maybe there was something in the house of interest, I don't know. I turned over the page and found out where Renn was going at that time of the morning. He was very definite about it, as all the German authors I have read are. But then that is a trait of their nature that I noticed during the war. The first German trenches I ever saw—I mean real trench warfare ones—were near St. Mihiel. They had their sanitary arrangements quite brazenly and frankly in the open. My regiment always elaborately screened ours, with the result that it showed up on an airplane photograph as if it concealed a sixteen-inch gun. The enemy always destroyed it with shell fire the second or third day with most unpleasant results. Little incidents like this, however, we never find in books by American authors.

The book goes on, in the same manner, from the opening of the war through the years of trench warfare to the final collapse. The sergeant does not attempt to explain the collapse of the German army, he simply tells what he saw. Food was lacking, officers became inefficient, the men became mutinous, the army collapsed. Renn himself, good soldier that he was, was disgusted. He blames the skulkers, the goldbricks, and the trench dodgers for the revolution. I think he is right. I have heard other people say the same thing, and I know in our own army those that blackened history's page were not divisions that had had long service on the lines. The book ends there, as though the author said, "Now that was war. With its causes or results, or the why of the things that went on I am not concerned. This is what I saw." And he saw it, too.

I cannot predict that this book will be a tremendous success. It is too sincere, too naked. It reminds of modern German art, or some of the terrible great statues one sees in Germany, of Barbarossa or some of the other great Germanic leaders. But I think the soldiers will like it. And reading between the lines, I imagine they are the ones Sergeant Renn wrote it for.

"Mother's Boy"

OVERSHADOWED. By EUGENE LÖHRKE. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THIS is an excellent piece of work. A first novel, it has considerable distinction and a definite flavor. Although the background is an unusually satisfactory interpretation of the American forces in the War and in the post-War occupation of the Rhine bridgeheads, the real meat of the novel is a study of a "mother's boy" who falls under the most brutalizing influences. Young Darrow was more than a mere sissy; he wrote poetry, but he had the extreme sensitivity and eccentricity of a poetical mind without the balance or depth that would make what he had to say worth while. The fault was all his mother's. She had brought him up in such a way that he became merely a stimulant to her vanity and a means to promote her spiritual aggrandizement. Indeed, she is one of those wholly despicable mothers that we find these days in fiction; they represent the opposite swing of the pendulum from the Edgar Guest or white-haired movie variety of mother that pained us for so long. Although Mrs. Darrow appears only during the first thirty pages of the story she is a splendidly designed character. Having left her, the boy dashes feverishly, absurdly, from disaster to disaster in army life. The trouble is not put on the army's doorstep, nor indeed is it ever put anywhere definitely. Mr. Löhrke's attitude is simply that he is telling of an unfortunate's maladjustment to life. The boy is beautifully suggested, effectively imprinted upon our consciousness.

The novel is prefaced with a quotation from "Lord Jim": in part, "It is when we try to grapple with another man's intimate need that we perceive how incomprehensible, wavering, and misty are the beings that share with us the sight of the stars and the warmth of the sun." Mr. Löhrke feels character in precisely this way. The result is that he approaches the problem of the boy in a method that has many of the merits of Conrad's indirection, suggestiveness, and subtlety. We almost never see an episode, hear a conversation, clearly and directly. Nearly everything comes to us second-hand, through the apparently idle, inapposite comments of a spectator. The American army officer (we never know his name) who is the narrator of all but the first thirty pages is almost a Marlow, except that he is not motionless on a piazza, as in "Lord Jim," but active in the events of the narrative. We suspect that the title, "Overshadowed," refers to the fact that his fleeting, but unforgettable, contacts with young Darrow overshadowed in his mind the whole rest of the War; "grappling with the intimate need" of Darrow was consumingly important to him. If ever a well-tried method, altered and conditioned, was applicable to a fresh problem, Mr. Löhrke's modification of Conrad's method is the one. It must be noted emphatically that this novel is in no sense imitative or weakly derivative. "Overshadowed" stands on its own feet, solidly.

The War background demands high commendation. At the far opposite to the school of precisely documented war books that is represented by "All Quiet on the Western Front," Mr. Löhrke is intelligent and dispassionate; he has a quick eye for beauty of landscape as well as for significant details of military life. Perhaps he is a little too much interested in the clouds and the fields; occasionally we are impatient to get on with the story.

The novel, taken as a whole, is signally pure in outline. There are no deviations from the simple line of the narrative. The Conradian luxuriance of plot and topsy-turviness of time scheme are absent. The only pity is that the first thirty pages could not somehow have been told through the consciousness of the officer. But that is the only flaw in the book's most satisfying construction. "Overshadowed" is quiet, intense, and often brilliant. It will be more rewarding for the discriminating few than for the casual many. Those few should not miss it.

Mystery with a Difference

THE DERUGA TRIAL. By RICARDA HUCH. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by E. M. BENSON

IF you prefer the stereotyped mystery story whose primary interest is dependent upon the machinery of action—mostly specious—rather than the subtle psychology of motivation, then Frau Huch's excellent novel will disappoint you. You will not enjoy the author's brilliant treatment of Sigismondo Deruga, an Italian physician practicing in Prague and indicted for the murder—by poison, as the autopsy proved—of his divorced wife Mingo Sweiter.

For in the ordinary sense "The Deruga Trial" is not a mystery story at all; or rather one that should not be mentioned in the same breath with the paroxysmal lucubrations of Willard Huntington Wright and Carolyn Wells. In the sense that it builds characters with artistic verisimilitude and investigates the tender elements of motion and reason behind their actions, "The Deruga Trail" deserves to be classified as a novel.

It is something more than Ricarda Huch's technical genius that has made this book the psychological masterpiece that it unquestionably is. Although there is no action to speak of—or only action in retrospect via the witnesses brought before the Supreme Court to testify for or against the murderer—the author succeeds in keeping a tenseness about the situation that is a high compliment to her ingenuity. It demanded an amazing penetration into the diabolic and saintly aspects of the human mind to bring out the involute nature of Deruga's complex character. She has done equally well with Frau von Truschkowitz, the plaintiff, Dr. Zeunemann, the presiding Judge, and Garbussi, the lifelong friend of the defendant. The contrasts that Frau Huch so masterfully establishes between the exuberant Latin doctor and the suspicious, superlogical German jurists are gems of psychoanalytical cynicism.

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Societal Development

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY. By WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER AND ALBERT GALLOWAY KELLER. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1928. 4 vols.

Reviewed by NATHAN MILLER
Carnegie Institute of Technology

THIS is not a book of the month, but a book for the years. It should enhance appreciably the prestige of social science, which is still generally regarded as the weakest link in the hierarchy of the sciences. The work of Professors Sumner and Keller, although not as widely known as the flood of half-baked doctrine and silly drivel exuded by many schools of sociologists, has always excelled in lucidity, pertinence, and thoroughness. In view of the increasing and bewildering complexity of modern social problems of the family, industry, government, education, and public affairs generally, a work of this type comes as a boon to us all. The need for some such tested theory of society with its implications for a technique for dealing with these vexing problems, has often been commented upon, especially as the problems remain elusive, shifting, and imbedded in a hard vise of traditional and cultural values, difficult of resolution and amelioration. Officials, legislators, judges, and even our academic mentors, ordinarily exhibit a spirit of stupid recklessness, or else a doctrinaire amateurishness, that engulfs us deeper and aggravates the sources of social friction. All of which, of course, inspires a raucous merriment on the part of the literary bad-boys, like the Mencken gang, or else renewed persecution-fervor on the part of the self-appointed guardians of ancient virtues, like the Anti-Saloon League, the Ku Klux Klan, and the D. A. R. In all the resultant to-do, one looks in vain for men with sufficient detachment, perspective, and scientific method to enable us to grapple with these problems of the public life.

* * *

Until recently, most of the great figures in the field of social theory have been either adventurous builders of Utopias or philosophers imprisoned in the ideal systems of their own making. They sought to discover and reveal a teleology in the record of the race, a key running through history, an "increasing purpose," or an unfolding of the Word. Their eyes skirted the widest horizons and read meanings in penumbras. The genius of a Plato, an Augustine, or a More evolved brilliantly conceived and perfect republics, phalansteries, and cities of God. Then, through the years of the Dark Ages in Europe, while misery, plague, and squalor remained the common lot, the leaders of church and state directed their polity and theology towards the attainments of these lofty homes, or awaited the coming of the Messiah.

These mystic miasmas were slowly dispelled largely in the intellectual ferment of the renaissance, when men began to regard closely the earth on which they trod, and the society in which they lived. The revolutionary outbreaks of the eighteenth century in industry, politics, and thought then cleared the air of much of the obscurantism and other-worldly concern of medievalism. Noteworthy among the efforts to ground the new science of society were the works of Vico, "Scienzia Nuova," 1725, and Condorcet's "Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique du Progrès de l'Esprit Humain," 1794. The former set forth a cyclical theory of history and the latter pioneered with its sketch of culture-history from so-called savagery to the apex, the French Revolution. There was at the same time a reversion, so to speak, to the utopian strain. This tendency to cut loose entirely from historical and factual moorings must be regarded as a valuable and permanent effect in the development of a science of society, out of the main stream of its progress, but yet constantly casting new lights upon it.

* * *

Auguste Comte (1798-1857) may be considered the father of the modern movement for the scientific approach to society. He was a great innovator and apparently possessed the type of genius required for the elaboration of this, the most difficult of studies. He struck out boldly for the "positive" method as opposed to theological and metaphysical entanglements and befuddlements. On the top, or as the culminating flower of the physical and vital sciences, he placed the social science. This arrangement was made in the light of increasing complexity, and lessening generality in the respective sciences. Thus, sociology was the most modifiable and amenable to control, and contained the greatest potentialities for bettering life. But even this master's work had more of the sweeping inclusiveness of his precursors than appealed to the sympathies of the age that followed him. Therefore, Comte's successors rarely attained the stature and breadth of his work. They took, rather, to factual observations and elaborately inductive studies in the spirit of experimental science then being developed in other fields. Comte had relied on reflection and books almost entirely.

Frédéric Le Play (1806-1882), his most immediate disciple, developed the thesis that the nature of the economic structure—tools, work, trade, etc.—moulded largely the folk-life, and that progress was associated with increasing comprehension and mastery of environmental forces. Herbert Spencer (1820-1903), applied the theory of biological evolution and the newly discovered facts of primitive life brought in by travelers and discoverers, to the study of society. Lester Ward (1841-1913), the American pioneer, carried the positivism of Comte into social psychology, and Durkheim (1858-1917) wandered off into sterile specialisms. Recently, therefore, it can be seen that the elaborate schematic framework, or synthesis, of Comte was disregarded. Instead, today, the field is littered with discursive, specialized studies in anthropology, economics, social psychology, geography, statistics, jurisprudence, etc. —all of which are valuable as data for the science of society. The need has been for a school to knit these together into an organic whole, more in the tradition of Comte and Spencer.

* * *

The late Professor Sumner, brilliant teacher and student, will be remembered lastingly because he undertook to construct anew this system, although he never lapsed into the utopian or deductive tactics. Indeed, he was one of the most bitter opponents of this school. So far-reaching and profound was his respect for "facts" and the deductive method that he stopped, in 1907, his ambitious project for the writing of a study of social evolution, to expand one of its chapters into the famous volume, "Folkways." At his death in 1910, he left to his disciple and colleague, Professor Keller, a prodigious mass of notes and materials he had painstakingly collected. By dint, therefore, of the combined efforts of two remarkably well-equipped students, the present work emerges as the result of almost a quarter of a century, study in over a dozen of languages. Professor Keller is largely responsible for the collating, systematizing, and actual writing of these volumes. In these days of careless and fluid hypothesizing on social theory, it is breath-taking merely to contemplate the brilliant effort, represented in these four volumes. The fourth volume is composed entirely of additional "cases" of over a thousand closely-printed pages. These cases are derived mainly from the literature of historical anthropology, ethnography, oriental, classical, and medieval culture-history. There are altogether upward of 3600 pages, and a bibliography of over a thousand titles.

This work does not secure its inspiration avowedly from Comte, but it must nevertheless be considered as another milestone in the line of progress he ornaments. The influence of Spencer is seen in the scope, and that of Julius Lippert, the great German thinker, in the organic structure, of the work. Besides, the field-work of the most competent anthropologists and ethnographers, like the Dutchman, W. G. Wilken, and the Englishman, W. H. Rivers, is drawn upon. The authors are professedly admirers of the method of Charles Darwin and their ant-like industry in stalking the facts and reading out of them inductively significance and theory is surely comparable with the work of that great scientist. The generalizations that issue are modestly offered as the fruit of their assiduity. Excogitation of systems and *a priori* dogmatisms which have rendered futile so much of recent labors in "sociology" are roundly scored and avoided—and admirably so. "The Science of Society" will remain noteworthy, if for no other reason than that it proves as much as any work we know, that social science, like natural science must proceed on the one great premise that the intricate flux of events in the past and the web of phenomena in the present can be fitted into a scheme which has no room for capricious happenings, or arbitrary results—only for dependable and explicable regularity and dependability. Not that this has been entirely demonstrated here, but that we have come nearest here to that epochal demonstration.

In the second volume, there appears an exceedingly logical and orginal discussion of the roots of religious folkways and mores. Primitive religion is regarded as an adjustment made by men to the fear of the unknown, the aleatory element, or the "imaginary environment." Particularly in view of the dilemma and rapid demoralization of modern religious modes, this section of the study is extremely fruitful, and to our minds comes off most successfully as an introduction to the history of a major activity of man largely misunderstood in education until now. In adjustment to the dichotomy of sex, men have developed the amazing variety of usages and ways, considered under the topics of marriage and the family, in the third volume. Here again, the treatment is refreshing in view of the squeamishness, or, on the other hand, the impossible vaporizings on this subject by other authors. Comparison should be made, however, with that most interesting recent work, "The Mothers," by Robert Briffault. The last departmental survey "tags along," admittedly unsystematic, as the story of ways of "self-gratification," under which heading are considered the dance, play, self-ornamentation, and display, use of stimulants, etc. Finally, there are appended two chapters on "Generalities" in which are contained sterling bits of wisdom and caution presumably for students who may wish to follow on, or as last words as the general reader.

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The interrelating of such extremely diverse phenomena which is perhaps the most perplexing problem in social studies is accomplished with admirable skill, if not virtuosity. This is ever uppermost and accomplished partly through constant cross-references, and also through the idea of "consistency" in the mores, that is, the tendency for all parts of a culture to adhere in conformity to the basic economic or "self-maintenance" mores. The working out of this especially in respect to religious institutions is to be applauded. And, perhaps the outstanding critical thought which occurs to the present reviewer is that the authors have stopped somewhat short in working this matter of consistency to its logical conclusion so that we may finally come to a more developed theory of society, inclusive and rounded out.

Objection will be and has already been raised by those, of course, who are pursuing other techniques in sociology, as the culture-area concepts, the use of statistics, and the narrow historical method, for these are totally disregarded, except in words of criticism. The insistent beating off of the "transcandental" school is perhaps unnecessary, because the work of itself will confound these people, without alarums in their direction. The expressed contempt, likewise, for the element of "reason" or "rationality" in the story of society is also perhaps overdone. Ideas, or conceptions, men have held as to the world and their place in it, and the nature of their societies, even though often fallacious and foolish have certainly played a large part in subsequent development of mores and institutions. The complete detachment from and unconcern of the authors for programs of amelioration of social ills is, of course, extremely necessary in scientific work, but there will be many, in the light of the modern spirit, who will be critical because nothing but cold water is poured upon their ardent hopes for greater approximation to justice and equity in social relations.

* * *

When all is said and done (and read), the "laws" to be discerned from the immense canvas and roll of events here laid out are merely tendencies, and things that tend to come about are not necessarily desirable. Indeed, the tendencies in life in society are many. We can choose, and ultimately do, certain courses of development. Rational selection has meant little in the past, as is pointed out effectively here, but that has probably been because men knew so little about themselves and their background and the life about them. With the aid of monumental achievements like "The Science of Society," however, we may be more "rational" about the course of history in the coming years. Or, perhaps, the authors are nearer the truth—men will never listen to reason, and out of innate perversity, will insist on knocking over the blocks they so painfully set up.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Mrs. Alfred Lawrence Felkin), who had a well-earned reputation as a novelist among the older generation, died recently. "Concerning Isabel Carnabay" was perhaps her best-known work. She was the older daughter of Lord Wolverhampton, better known as Sir Henry Fowler.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe

I.

TO be deeply rooted in a place that has meaning is perhaps the best gift a child can have. If that place has beauty and a feeling of permanence it may suggest to him unawares that sense of identity with this physical earth which is the humblest and happiest of life's intuitions.

Over the lawns of Haverford in the late '90s there shone the cheery simplicity of an older mode. A college of only a hundred students, which had outgrown some of the anxious problems of its youth, still combined the traditional plainness of its Quaker inheritance with an undergraduate life of busy hilarity and horseplay. "How like an English nobleman's park!" was once the naive exclamation of a British visitor on seeing the college's beautiful domain; and indeed there was a certain agreeable paradox in finding these young Pennsylvania puritans revelling at their ease in a landscaped arcadia worthy of the Duke of Marlborough! Philadelphia Friends have never allowed their ethical "plainness" to interfere with carnal comfort, and a Haverford boyhood's earliest impression was quite likely to be of the rich feastings in front of Founders Hall at Commencement time. Under the bronze glimmer of copper beech trees the long tables were set out. When were there ever such great bowls of strawberries and chicken salad; such largesse of ice cream? On the cricket field were flannels and scarlet blazers; tally-ho parties came driving up the noble avenue of elms; through the long sweetness of a June day would continue the annual match with the University of Pennsylvania, with interval for al fresco lunch. Cricket is not a "game," it is always a "match;" and it is by no means devoid of occasion for hardihood. Perhaps it is not a sport apt for the American temper, but if the day comes when those leisurely tourneys no longer pattern Cope Field with white figures, and no connoisseurs sit contentedly smoking on the long weatherstained benches in the shade, something of great charm will have passed away. In the general herd stampede of American life Haverford was always just a little different—not in the least by ostentation or intent; she happened to grow that way.

So it is that the young Mistletoe of whom I write can never be grateful enough for that early glimpse of an arcadian quietness. It is an instructive experience to have grown up astraddle of two epochs. It is interesting to be still under forty and yet remember the days when there were no taxies at the Haverford station, but old McGurk with his queer-smelling hack; when small boys ran yelling across the campus to see the first horseless carriage; when the Main Line trains were still drawn by those dainty P. R. R. locomotives with the rakish cowcatcher and a slender funnel with a fluted rim; when elderly Friends had their coat collars cut away at the back of the neck, collars and lapels being considered Babylonish. (You will remember, perhaps, that John Wollman sailed in the steerage of the ship *Mary and Elizabeth*, instead of in the cabin, because he found in the vessel's cabin quarters "sundry sorts of carved work and imagery," which put his mind "under a deep exercise.") It is always the inconsistencies of any doctrine that are most lovable. It gives one pleasure to remember that in the era of Haverford's greatest rigor, when music and fiction were stringently excluded from official countenance, the college built Barclay Hall (1877.) For purposes of worldly flourish they abandoned the fine old simplicity of Founders Hall and went in for a vast barrack of clumsy pseudo-Gothic bravado. It even had a spire, the thing which more than anything else caused George Fox epilepsies. This edifice, named for a worthy old Scottish apologist, was so greatly admired that the same architect was later engaged to start the career of Bryn Mawr College with an even more sinister nondescript, Taylor Hall. In course of time Barclay Hall has grown well-loved for its jocund associations, but it exists as a large reminder that even men of immaculate piety are not always delicate in taste.

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So much of living is irrelevant, and the phases of it that we learn to have deep dear meaning seem to arrive perilously haphazard. It can hardly be amiss to look inward upon our only sure treasure and try to discern in it what were the flashes of quintessence. It implies a very profound humility, and an incurable passion for living; but more than that it lays itself upon one by unexplained necessity. In old days of Friends' meeting one sitting in the silence who felt himself moved by some 'concern' was supposed to stand and deliver. Just so Mistletoe feels, and has long felt, a concern to explore the memories of thirty years or so and say, This was beautiful; this had a meaning. As he approaches forty (wondering why Thackeray in his ballad represents that age as one of such settled sobriety?) he is acutely aware of the fantastic antinomy between life as it is actually experienced and life as reported to us by the accredited expounders. At that period of life one should be ready to begin to try to educate himself in the things that matter. No wonder, then, that for his own composure he hankers to set down some hard-won inflexions from his own grammar of surprise. The paradigms that are most beautiful can scarce be discussed in prose. (It is not that poets are granted greater license; it is that they have fewer—and more understanding—readers.) But the time will come when none will be able to put down for you these flairs and furies of your own. Once in the humble little Friends' meeting-house in Oxford a shy homely girl in a plain tweed suit suddenly got up in the silent sitting. It was a clear spring forenoon, with that moist English savor in the air. Her voice trembled with terror, but she managed to say "I'm thinking of the sky and the trees and the shadows of the trees, and the wind, and the smell of everything." She sat down, subsiding into a shaken privacy of tears; but we understood. Of all the outgivings he heard in his years of Friends' meeting, Mistletoe remembers that one best.

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It would be hard to imagine a happier childhood. He did not often in later years allow himself to think back about it, so far from those placid scenes had subsequent preoccupations led him. Save only that there was no salt water near, Haverford was a perfect place for such purposes as his. It is a lively suburb now, but in the 'nineties it was still country. West of the college tall regiments of corn stretched in rustling files toward sunset; all was wood and farmland to the immortal water of Darby Creek. Oh Darby, unspoiled even now, is there none to celebrate you but him?

Haverford was provincial then in the best sense, it was a social and sectarian integer, drawing its students mostly from a solid (and probably rather unimaginative) swath of Quaker families. One would not, and did not, expect any rare passion for intellectual frenzy in so placid a commune. But in subtle ways one felt influences at work. It was good to come into life in that little world while Isaac Sharpless was its presiding officer. He was a man in somewhat the antique mould, with almost an Abraham Lincoln flavor in his gravity and his humor. It takes one back to excellent simplicities to remember that his first call to the vocation of teaching came to him when he was ploughing in a field near Westtown, where he was waited upon by a committee of Westtown School. Nor does one forget his telling how in the difficult days of his early service at Haverford, for relief from anxieties he would retire at night to the college observatory to study the stars. That little domed retreat, camped in a cluster of confidential pine trees and suggesting a mystic Oriental shrine, was a place of romantic riddle to Mistletoe from earliest days. And somehow he connects Isaac Sharpless's evenings there with a bequest long afterward noted in the college catalogue, "to encourage the ennobling study of the heavens."

Remembered impressions of childhood are under suspicion; it is difficult not to interpolate into them significances we became aware of later. But it is important to reintegrate what one may of the pure artistic permeability of that prime. I believe all the little group of urchins who grew together on the college lawns (the Haverford faculty was always comfortably proliferous) early relished a notion of their sylvestered world as a place apart. In the Little School (as it was always known), a yellow cottage by the meeting house, or in overheard conversation of their elders, these small fry gathered a vague idea of the modest but honorable traditions of their birthplace. James Russell Lowell had visited there, yes, and even (I think) Matthew Arnold; and the body of Lincoln had passed by our own grounds on the way to burial in Illinois. These legends certainly meant less than the Swarthmore Game; but they were in the background of one's pride. More important still was the realization, felt in the passive acceptance of nonage, that there was beauty on that lawn. Few places can show such comely sweeps of turf and shrubbery. To begin life there was to learn later that almost every bush and tree had unconsciously become a personal friend. The old mulberry by the ruined arch, the prostrate mock-orange tree below the cricket-shed, the tall pines by Chase Hall, the feathery clumps of pampas grass, the copper beeches, the fallen flukes of mapleseeds, all such became part of one's innocence. In spring there was the constant drowsy whirr of the big lawnmower, drawn by a horse who wore huge leather slippers on his feet to spare the sod. Nor he, nor the rhododendrons, nor anything else in that perfect picture, were in vain. One had an idea of peace. It would not be until many years later one might divine an almost ominous loveliness in some lights and shades. Under the copper beeches, in Pennsylvania's reckless sun, there is a lustred shimmer that knows no argument, "such tawny shining as gilds the gipsy's knees." The library, brave outwork of austerity, stands on its green terrace; its long lancet windows, fringed with creeper, have the right monastic shape, to admit the maximum of light with the least of worldly view; but the whiff of grassy air comes through to mingle with the savor of old leathers. Rambling in those groves you will sometimes be aware that the woodlands of Penn have never been wholly won back from wilderness. Whatever that visitor may have said, those are not the tame trees of "an English nobleman's park," they are still forest timber, and sometimes the voice they whisper is not of Penn but of Pan.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST

I HAVE observed of the astute Chinese
Some several ways more elegant than ours,
A simple gift for mixing girls with flowers
And teaching tricks to geese.

They have a method quite unknown to most
Of gleaning wisdom from grandfather's ghost,
And other antics which, though they do well,
I lack the time to tell.

But I'm impressed in all their histories
With this peculiar habit of Chinese,
(And therein lies the essence of their wit),
When they've enough they quit!

No matter were a chink a chancellor,
Or what in China that's the English for,
When long enough his string of cash,—kow-tow—,
He'd make his bow and go.

Go where? Most often to the hills for peace
Go the Chinese, the most astute Chinese,
Where solaced by a girl, a jug, a book,
They dream beside a brook.

And after all what offers life than these
More philosophical, jug, book and girl
From whose high head-dress has escaped a curl?
We know not, nor Chinese.

LET FREEZE THE BROOKS

RAIN on the roof,
The clean trickle and tinkle,
The patter and sprinkle
On ware waterproof,
And within naught but waiting
Till they are abating,
The showers
That flowers
Have wanted enough.

Falling of snow,
When the icy air tingles
On clapboard or shingles,
Settles silent and slow;
And within there is aching,
Despairing, heart-breaking,
Lest the lover come over
The hill to love now.

HUGH WESTERN.

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Books of Special Interest

Catholic Life

THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM. By KARL ADAM. Translated by JUSTIN MCCANN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE MAYNARD

MANY books have been written in an attempt to explain the essentials of Catholicism to an unbelieving world, but most of them fall definitely into the category of apologetics: their purpose is to defend the Faith. Dr. Adam, the Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Tübingen, has a somewhat different object: he writes in order to discover the governing ideas, the distinguishing characteristics of Catholicism, and the forces that are consequently set in motion by them. His book is made up of a series of lectures delivered to an audience of mixed religious beliefs in his university; and the fifth (enlarged and revised) edition follows the original scheme. He writes in a wholly admirable spirit, and carefully avoids all temptation to the mere scoring of points, than which nothing is more easy to a Catholic controversialist—or less effective. His erudition is apparent on every page; his mind is profound, candid, and subtle; and an air of charming tenderness is everywhere. If he does not make any very novel contribution to religious thought, such was not a part of his plan. His method of approach is decidedly new and stimulating. Nobody is so well read in this field that he can fail to learn much from this happy and luminous presentation of Catholic concepts.

❧ ❧

As a matter of fact the vast majority of people are badly informed on the subject of the Catholic religion, which, is perhaps, not to be wondered at seeing that the average Catholic is insufficiently instructed. And even learned men outside the Church commonly make, with a comically misplaced confidence, most egregious mistakes when they write or talk on this topic. Dr. Adam quotes Harnack as remarking of the students leaving German Protestant divinity schools:

> Some of them know something about Gnosticism, or about other curious and for them worthless details. But of the Catholic Church, the greatest religious and political creation known to history, they know absolutely nothing, and they indulge in its regard in wholly trivial, vague, and often directly nonsensical notions.

Educated people can usually be counted upon to be sceptical about the grosser sort of calumnies against the Church that continue to flourish in the more backward parts of this country; and Catholics would do well to ignore these absurdities instead of using up so much of their energy in refutation. What are needed instead of expert ecclesiastical lawyers and detectives are a few first-rate theologians who would devote themselves to a popular exposition of the Catholic system in its unity. The modern world is, I believe, ready to listen very eagerly to them. I also believe that an exposition of the Faith devoid of the strident note of argument would possess a compelling force that hardly anyone suspects. Dr. Adam has done just the sort of work that is wanted. Every intelligent man should read him.

❧ ❧

Yet it may be that the book would be more useful in Germany than in England or America. There is very little, if any, Teutonic flatfootedness in it: on the contrary, with all its soundness it succeeds in being brilliant; but Dr. Adam, when dealing with Protestantism, very naturally has the German brand in his mind, and most of the contemporary authors he cites are his fellow-countrymen. The one most frequently quoted is Friedrich Heiler, the Professor of the Comparative History of Religion in the University of Marburg, but a writer practically unknown in the English-speaking world. In this connection, however, it should be said that it is interesting to learn that there is a "high church" trend in present-day Germany, and that a Lutheran theologian has said that "Protestant worship is at bottom Catholic worship . . . with the heart taken out of it."

Addressing himself to an audience largely composed of Lutherans, Dr. Adam found it necessary to contrast the total-depravity theory of original sin with the Catholic doctrine. He has also dealt with the official Protestant teaching of justification by faith alone. How far this prevails today in Germany I am unable to say, though, judging by the space Dr. Adam gives to the question, it must still be generally held. But in England and America the vast majority have thrown the chief plank of historic Protestantism overboard. The proper thing to say now is that what a man believes is of no consequence; all that matters is what a man does. I am not concerned to examine the truth of the proposition here; but it is entertaining to note the right-about turn; and to point out that the Catholic position remains what it always was.

Dr. Adam has been deeply influenced by Newman's "Development of Christian Doctrine." He urges that the Faith, being a living thing,

> cannot be comprised within a few written sentences. Only that which is dead can be adequately delineated in writing. The living thing is continually bursting the temporary form in which literature must perforce embody it. At the very moment that literature is endeavoring to arrest and fix it, the stream of life is escaping and moving swiftly on. Therefore all literature, and even the Bible itself, is stamped with the character of its time, and bears a form which, however vital its content remains, yet too easily seems stiff and strange to later generations.

This is, of course, the stumbling-block to Modernist and Fundamentalist alike. Both are too narrowly bound by documents; both fail to understand the continuous life of the Church. "Ye search the scriptures," said our Lord, "because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of me; and ye will not come to me that ye may have life." It is that Catholic life which is the theme of Dr. Adam's engaging eloquence, a life which has its motive in love, a love which the sacraments create or foment, a love which all the intricate machinery of authority was erected only to conserve.

The translation by Dom McCann of the Benedictine studyhouse at Oxford has been excellently performed; and the index is a model of what an index should be.

Custom and the Greeks

THE WAY OF THE GREEKS. By F. R. EARP. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

AN author who observes at the end of his book that too much weight must not be attached to his arguments deserves the confidence of the judicious. Mr. Earp contends that "the way of the Greeks" was normally the way of tradition; law, *nomos*, was primarily custom, the *mos maiorum* of the Romans, the way things had always been done. Conceding that the Greeks were less enslaved by tradition than any other race so recently emerged from a primitive state, he maintains that the influence of traditional custom in the life of the ordinary Greek is habitually underestimated, especially by those who get their ideas from the poets and philosophers who were very far from the average man. A better guide, he thinks, may be found in the orators, who when they addressed juries, had to appeal to the ideas and prejudices of the majority.

With the limitation he suggests his argument seems sound, and should, as he hopes, counteract the tendency to regard the Greeks as if they were moderns. The Periclean age was only a few centuries removed from barbarism, and Greek thought had not been colored, as is ours, by nineteen centuries of the Christian experiment. Mr. Earp's analysis of Greek morals, theology, and esthetics could be summarized in a sentence—the Greeks were objective. If a thing seemed beautiful they took pleasure in its beauty, not in reminiscences which it suggested, and they depicted it as and for itself. They observed that human life is affected by influences too powerful and too obscure for human control, which do not operate in conformity with human ideas of justice; hence their conception of gods who, to the modern notion, lack respectability. "The belief in the moral perfection of God," says Mr. Earp, "does not rest upon experience, for observation of the world could never lead to it." It depends on revelation, and the benighted Greeks had nothing to go on but the evidence of this world as they found it, and as most other people have found it too.

So their jurisprudence was slow, for instance, to distinguish between the degrees of homicide. If you kill a man he is dead, whether you meant to kill him or not, and your intention makes no difference in the consequences to his wife and children. This indeed is not quite the same as the primitive idea of a pollution attached to homicide, but it works out to pretty much the same effect. In this and other points Mr. Earp might have found an instructive parallel in the more archaic portions of the Old Testament.

In detail, his corrections of the common view do not always command confidence. He wastes some space on an argument (started, to be sure, by no less a person than Gilbert Murray) as to whether Sophocles believed that Œdipus was morally guilty. Æschylus may have been primarily a moralist but Sophocles was primarily a playwright; when he found a story that would make a great play he probably did not worry much about the intellectual or moral validity of its presuppositions. Nor can the author be followed altogether in his argument that marriage in Athens was not the dull and saltless relation that is commonly supposed, though he remarks with truth that the average hetaira of the Periclean age was not an Aspasia, but was very much like the average hetaira of our own time or any other. It is true, as he says, that the Athenian got his education from life, and that nobody but the Socratic faction then dreamed of admitting women to civic activity. Still the fact remains that Spartans frequently fell in love with their wives, or with other men's wives. That may have happened in Athens, but we do not hear of it.

However, his book will be useful for the public to whom it is addressed—"neither scholars nor the wholly ignorant." The ignorant had better read something else first, for Mr. Earp has deliberately left out those aspects of Greek life that are common knowledge in order to concentrate on some which he thinks have been overlooked.

"This Freedom"

EX-WIFE. Anonymous. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THE publishers are sensible in calling this anonymous narrative a "sociological document." It certainly ranks higher under that classification than under any other possible one, such as, say, novel or autobiography. The book is evidently not intended to, and does not, shock or amuse. We suspect that the author thought that her life had been interesting as a sample of the conduct permitted to a modern woman under certain specialized circumstances. And she was right; the only important contribution of "Ex-Wife" is to show the unbelievers and the ignorant that a woman in contemporary New York can be the kind that Patricia was and can do the things that she did.

Patricia, who lived as a girl near Boston, went to Radcliffe, got married in her very early twenties, and after four years of conscientiously modern marriage that was dominated by her own drinking and by the befuddled standards of an alcoholic social set—this Patricia is not quite surprised to find herself one morning an unfaithful wife. From then on her rake's progress is steady and not unconventional: after vain efforts at reconciliation with her husband she goes to live with a girl-friend, indulges in promiscuously chosen lovers and in various imitations of high-life, and finally is reconciled to divorce. The end of the narrative seems true neither to life nor to art, for Patricia finds within the last few pages a second husband, who promises kindness and economic security. Such an episode becomes an incongruous "happy ending."

All this is told in a pedestrian, uninspired tone that probably is ingenuous. The story is constantly on the edge of dulness, chiefly because of the author's lack of skill. There are many tedious passages where Patricia and her roommate philosophize upon the cares and privileges of an "ex-wife," who in their minds seems to be a very definite type. This definiteness of type is not apparent to us who read, and consequently much of the point of the book is blunted. There are other annoying faults in the narrative, such as meticulous enumeration of the clothes that Patricia wore, too precise accounts of her work in the advertising department of a large store, and an eccentric, mannered style of writing.

The book, then, is unimportant except as an illumination of how a few women-about-town live and what they think about. The number of women represented by Patricia must be small indeed. Not many could have as demanding a job and still drink and carouse from seven in the evening until long after midnight. Furthermore, she is intelligent and well-informed far beyond the average woman (or man, either, for that matter). This "sociological document," then, has the ring of truth but no general applicableness. It should not prevent any careful parent from sending his daughter to New York to work and live, but it ought to give pause to some women who long for what they think is Freedom.

Architecture

SKYSCRAPERS AND THE MEN WHO BUILD THEM. By COL. W. A. STARRETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $3.50.

BEYOND ARCHITECTURE. By A. KINGSLEY PORTER. Boston: Marshall 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II

THIS is as curious a pair of books on architecture to blow in together for review as could well be imagined; the first dealing with one phase of architecture from the viewpoint of one of the ablest, most intelligent, and most successful builders in America, the other product of one of our most scholarly and learned teachers of art. As might be expected from men whose occupations touch the art of architecture and the building industry at opposite poles their viewpoints are completely antipathetic, and while it can hardly be said that either book is by itself a very great contribution to the literature on architecture, taken together they constitute a fascinating commentary on the civilization of our time.

Colonel Starrett's book is, as its title indicates, all about skyscrapers, while Professor Porter's alludes to them but once, and a comparison of the opening paragraph of the former's with the latter's lone allusion will show better than any discussion of them from what different points of view the same thing may be considered.

Colonel Starrett writes: "The skyscraper is the most distinctly American thing in the world. It is all American and all ours in its concept, all important in our metropolitan life; and it has been conceived, developed, and established all within the lifetime of men who are, in many cases, still active in the great calling which they themselves created and which they have developed within the span of their business careers."

Professor Porter writes: "Barn-storming, the determination to outshout uproar and be heard above the hubbub, is evident in two arts which still show activity, architecture and music. The former tends towards skyscrapers always of increasing height, towards ever greater complexity of plan and construction and plumbing. The silhouettes of these buildings are praised, often not unjustly. Yet who can say that any of them flash upon that inner eye which is the bliss of solitude?"

Both of these men know their jobs thoroughly, and both are men whose influence on the future of American architecture is far from negligible, Col. Starrett's because he is not infrequently in a position to recommend an architect to a prospective owner of new buildings, or through his great knowledge of the economic problems of building to impress upon the owner the importance of certain factors which control design, and Professor Porter's because his teachings will long be felt by those future architects who sit in his classes. It is, therefore, somewhat depressing to find in books by such authoritative men so little common ground; of the two the builder sees more truly, for while he realizes that much of our architectural design is cheap, shoddy, trivial, he pushes these things out of his mind and resolutely focusses his thought upon the magnitude of our physical accomplishment, and the occasional splendid piece of esthetic achievement. Yet if Professor Porter does (as he himself says) offer "cider some middling hard, and some turned to vinegar," and this cider can be sold in our market, it is a sign that our self-complacence is permeable. By a synthesis of the two methods, by bearing the fine accomplishment in mind and never being satisfied, our art may advance. Yet when all is said and done, it might be better if we architects read no more books about our art; we are already far too self-conscious; we should design by feeling and not by intellect, and if in the same generation we produce buildings as diverse and as excellent as the Telephone building by Voorhees, Gmelin, and Walker, and Mr. Morgan's library by McKim, Meade, and White, we should worry as to what that means. Professor Porter writes that Roman architecture failed because it lacked the spirit of joy. The average sincere practising architect will say that such a statement is just bunk. We know why we fail; it is because we haven't wit enough or brains enough to solve our problems honestly and beautifully at the same time. Colonel Starrett, utilitarian that he professes himself to be, knows that.

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Books of Special Interest

A Diary of Promise

A DIARY OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Edited by HORACE A. EATON. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by GARNET SMITH

THE interest of this hitherto unpublished document is clear at the first glance. We knew that, by the arrangement of his mother and guardians, Thomas de Quincey was to have passed with a fit provision from the grammar school of his native Manchester to Oxford University; and that, at the last moment, the plan was frustrated. In 1802, growing restless and unhappy, he pleaded in vain for instant removal. How could he further endure the loss of health and liberty? It was of pressing need that he should break with monotonous drudgery. Resolving on flight, and stowing a poet in either pocket, he turned towards the Lakes. If he might so much as catch a glimpse of that Wordsworth, whose altitude, he was sure, none but himself then measured! But, shrinking, rather he faced a shocked mother and an amused uncle. Thanks to this last, he was allowed to wander among the Welsh mountains for a while, at a guinea a week. How he passed from happy vagabondage to a pariah existence in London we learn from the "Confessions" and the autobiographical sketches; while it still escapes us by what train of circumstances he reclaimed himself or was reclaimed. We hear, indeed, of residence with his stately and rigid mother at The Priory in Chester; of his "resting from dreadful remembrances" in a "deep monastic tranquillity." And with this Diary, we discover that he was speedily rusticated from the Priory to Everton, on the edge of Liverpool, there to remain from March to June, 1803, under eyes which his mother could trust.

The authenticity of the manuscript, here reproduced in facsimile as well as presented chronologically in print, is beyond a doubt, though its history is but scantily known. Probably left at his lodgings, De Quincey fashion, it passed from hand to hand; lay almost forgotten in an old clock; was offered for sale at reduced prices. Its present owner has shown it to De Quincey's granddaughters and issues it with the encouragement and aid of Mr. Horace A. Eaton, Professor of English at Syracuse University, whose editorial introduction and illustrative notes are entirely adequate.

Perchance the first statement to be made is that we are not to consult the Diary with any expectation of confirming or rectifying the famous "Confessions." It was unlikely that the lad, newly escaped from his nightmare sojourn in London, should seek to record recent anguish. For a time, feeling would be numbed. Not yet could it be his to look backward in tranquillity; to ascertain proportions and perspective, to blend fact and poetry. And, in the second place, one may say that De Quincey is not yet in posession of his style. He is random and miscellaneous. Nothing is developed. And none the less it is a diary of promise. Already one can spy the potential critic and master of prose. If he is various of mood, inconsequent, he is not without his central positions. He is asking himself important questions, when not freakish and petulant. Ambition and young confidence prick. He elects twelve English poets for his own admiration and, thereupon analyzing the nature of poetry, can doubt and reject. He catalogues the dozen works which, at one time or another, he has "seriously intended" to execute. To poetic and pathetic dramas, pathetic tales, essays on poetry and character, lives of Catiline and Julius Cæsar, he adds certain items less surely determined. Besides, "I have always intended, of course, that poems should form the cornerstones of my fame." Only he does not happen at the moment to recollect the subjects of them, and, moreover, finds that it is bedtime. Minerva, indeed, was to prove unwilling, though the Muses did not fail in attendance.

What chiefly appears in the Diary is that the lad of seventeen is a born and sworn Romantic. He might be the precocious Grecian, but is one regardless of the classic restraint. Homer is an "old dotard"; and he has discovered but a single line of true pathos in the would-be classic French. He is sure that the man of genius works from inspiration; is the seer, temporarily delirious. At the outset, De Quincey is for training himself so as continually to foster the passions and render exquisite the fits of "visionary and romantic luxuriating or of tender, pensive melancholy." He images to himself the ultra-romantic hero, gloomy and abysmal, of "an angel's ken" and a fate of misery beyond conceiving. In short, though busied multifariously in determining the sources of happiness, the relations of humor and sublime pathos, and the nature of the Almighty, he is also the eager consumer of the contemporary fiction, the uncritical follower of the literary fashion. Nevertheless, his wholehearted admiration of Wordsworth abides with him. His critical poise is but in abeyance. "I amuse the ladies by saying that I wish there was some road down to hell by which I might descend for a short time—to save myself from a state of apathy." That is to say, he has grown restless and uncertain again. He sets down how he is introduced to "2 vulgar belles," eats a few shrimps, reads so many pages of the third volume of the "Accusing Spirit"; and—writes to Wordsworth of the "sad and dreary vacuity of worldly intercourse." It is all very young, and not without its appeal to sympathy.

Lay Sermons

IF I COULD PREACH JUST ONCE: Essays by Thirteen Authors. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK

THIS book is a symposium by four native writers and nine foreigners, mostly English. Three of the authors, Dr. Collins, Sir Thomas Garder, and Sir A. Conan Doyle, are physicians. Of the others, Bertrand Russell is a mathematician, Miss Kaye-Smith a novelist, Dr. McCracken a college president, Dr. Canby an editor, Mr. Drinkwater a playwright, Messrs. Lewisohn and Chesterton essayists, Sir Philip Gibbs a journalist, Professor Snowdon a physicist, and Lord Hugh Cecil a member of the British aristocracy.

The point of the book is that each author is supposed to deliver the message that he would deliver if he knew he could never have but this one chance to speak. We must, therefore, regard these messages as representing to their several authors the most important thing they have to say to the world. Under these circumstances one is rather surprised that in most cases they are not more significant and more cogently set forth. One can think of a good many more important subjects than appear on these pages, and one can imagine much clearer and more forceful exposition of them. Not many of these preachers have succeeded in preaching what old-time Methodists used to call a "searching discourse," and the reader is bound to be a little disappointed that they have not done better. Some have taken a distinctly second-class subject; others, like Mr. Drinkwater, have taken a good subject and treated it in a distinctly second-class way; while one or two of the essays, both in subject and style, leave us quite unable to make anything of them, whether good or bad.

Hence one must calculate a little closely in order to say whether or not the book is worth its price; but as books go, this reviewer is sure it is; that is to say, it contains amidst much that is valueless, a fair equivalent of two dollars and a half per reader. Mr. Russell's essay alone would furnish that. He has taken a first-class subject and treated it in a first-class way; so has Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn. So, too, has Sir A. Conan Doyle. One may not be sure that Sir A. Conan Doyle has the facts with him in his view of the individual human spirit's survival of death, but that question does not come within the purview of the book. The subject itself is one of the very first order, and there can be no doubt that Sir A. Conan Doyle has presented his view of it with ability, clearness, and force; so that clear profit is bound to ensue upon the reading of his essay, whether conviction does so or not.

One wonders why such books as these should be sent out into the world without editing. Not the editing of opinion—nothing like that—but enough coördination to insure each essay being up to the general purpose of the book. It is fair to require a contributor to propose a subject of quality, and to think clearly about his subject. If he proposes a second-rate subject, there should be some one to tell him that it is not good enough. If his thinking hangs in disorderly festoons around his subject, there should be some one to tell him to clear his mind, so that he will himself know what he is trying to say, in order that his readers in their turn may know. Beyond this, probably, editing should not go, but thus far it should go.

Witchcraft in Old and New England

By GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

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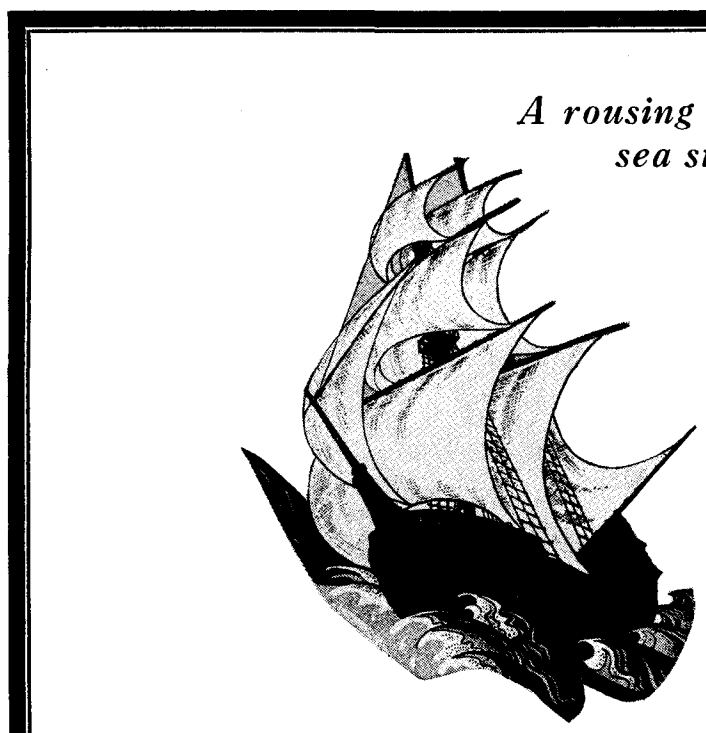

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Foreign Literature

A Neglected Novelist

DAS SCHLOSS. By FRANZ KAFKA. Munich: Kurt Wolff. 1929.
AMERIKA. By FRANZ KAFKA. The same.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

WHEN Franz Kafka died in June, 1926, it is safe to say that practically no one outside Germany was aware that a remarkable novelist had departed; even inside Germany he had not attained anything approaching popularity. Perhaps he never will, although these two posthumously published works have led to much eulogy on the part of critics whose judgment is to be respected—such as Hermann Hesse and Max Brod—and much lament that German literature lost so prematurely so remarkable and original a talent.

Kafka was an official in Prague—city also of another of Germany's leading contemporary writers, Franz Werfel. He wrote a number of short stories, realistic in manner, symbolistic in meaning, as we might say. The first was entitled "Betrachtung"; then came "Der Heizer" and "Die Verwandlung"—the latter has been compared with Wells; we might also say a masculine equivalent of "Lady into Fox." Later there was the collection entitled "Der Landarzt," and the book called "In der Strafkolonie." Realism and fantasy, satire and vivid imagination, grotesque touches which yet never disturbed one's impression of deep humanity and complete sincerity—these were the qualities discerned by the more penetrating critics, and they claimed to have their judgment confirmed by the novel called "Prozess," and by its counterpart, "Das Schloss." This latter is very characteristic of Kafka's originality of treatment and ideas. It is a story with an inward and an outward meaning. The latter is soon described: A man named K. (in the "Prozess" the central character is called "Joseph K") arrives one night in a village overshadowed by the "castle." He has received the invitation to take up the position of land surveyor, but he finds it impossible to get in touch with the person in the castle responsible for the summons. The mysterious "Schloss" and its inmates, regarding whom there are all kinds of stories current in the village, remains an impenetrable habitation, spreading a sense of helpless frustration and doom. K. in despair takes the post of caretaker of the local school, and settles down in the village, entering into relations with various neighbors, relations which are now and then interrupted by this or that emissary from the Castle. In the end—or rather, since the book is unfinished, at the point where Kafka laid it down—K. is still outside the Castle, a belated friendly gesture by one of the castle people proving to be vain and illusory. If we regard only the surface meaning, this might be a satire on bureaucracy, set against a background of characters who suffer from its dishonesty or stupidity. But we need not go far in the book before feeling that it is more than this. It has a symbolist interpretation, but exactly what we shall find ourselves hard put to it to say. The reading of the book, which is not without humor, is an entertainment; the interpretation of it is an intellectual exercise.

"Amerika" has its ordinary surface meaning more apparent. A first reading of the book shows nothing but an account of a young German named Karl Rossmann, who lands in New York and is received by his successful uncle. A misunderstanding arises between them and Karl goes out to seek his fortune, meeting with adventurers on the way and ending in an attempt to get employment with a gigantic theatrical or circus company. The book becomes more grotesque as it proceeds, and we feel that the final episode is symbolism, and not an attempt to render the outward aspect of American civilization as Kafka—perhaps not very accurately—conceived it. Unless we perceive the symbolist purpose in this novel, too, we shall misconceive the essence of Kafka's method. He is not a realist he only uses the realist method, painting the things as the eye sees them, but with such an atmosphere about them that the fantasy dawns on us and remains unforgettable in the memory after all recollection of the actual events has faded. Kafka was thirty-five when he died; his was a promise, tragically cut off. He is understood to have left much more work in manuscript; those who read the two works to which we have called attention will look expectantly for more.

Millicent Fawcett, whose death not long ago deprived Great Britain of one of its outstanding women, was a prolific writer as well as a suffrage leader. Among her many books was a "Life of Queen Victoria."

French Letters Today

INITIATION À LA LITTÉRATURE D'ADJOURD'HUI. By EMILE BOUVIER. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre. 1928.

Reviewed by ALBERT SCHINZ

THIS book will prove extremely helpful to the many Americans who are interested—and lost—in recent manifestations of French literature. Its author has rendered perfectly clear the evolution of modern literature, especially of poetry. He is well aware, indeed, of the puzzling nature of certain writings which forced public attention, in spite of their cryptic contents, before the war, during the war, and since the war. But he has lived in the midst of things for many years, he has read all that the advocates of the movement had to say, and he has followed up the career of practically every one of those men. His conviction is that there is a fundamental order at the bottom of the apparent chaos.

But the present state of affairs—as is so often the case—can be understood only in studying the past. The gist of the matter, M. Bouvier, explains, is that while the sensations, feelings, ideas of men remain substantially the same, their expression can be renewed. Again, quite normally, the first poets of humankind expressed their sensations, feelings, and ideas directly; newcomers had, then, to express them indirectly; and successive newcomers had to find ever and ever more indirect, unnatural, or artistic ways of expression; so that, if men do not get renewal of contents in art, they at least get the impression that they do. This evolution takes place not only in literature in general, but in each national literature.

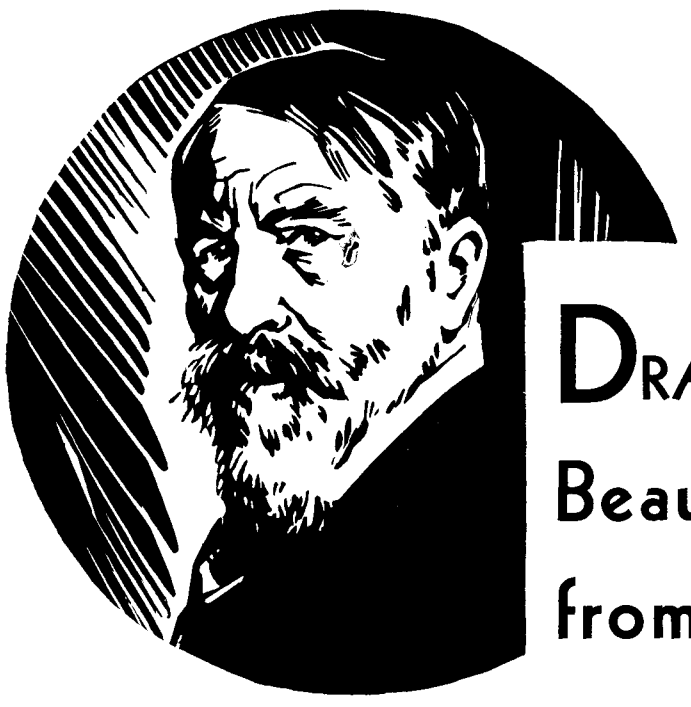
M. Bouvier considers Vigny to have been the first who dared to publish poems which were only a development of an image without giving the reader even a hint as to the real sensation or idea the poet had in mind. This was "symbolism." Baudelaire was the one who confined himself practically altogether to this kind of poetry. After Baudelaire, Rimbaud and his disciple, Verlaine, Mallarmé (and somewhat in the background, Ducasse and Corbière), took a further step; instead of suggesting by symbols to the reader only sensations and ideas of the real world, they attempted to suggest another world, a world of pure fancy, artificial, a new creation—that Mallarmé well termed "une alchymie du Verbe." This meant that there would be as many poems as there were readers, in addition to the poem in the mind of the author.

The danger was that such elaborate poetry might look like mystification to the public at large. It did. Moreover, many poets, who were not really up to the mark and yet were desirious to be up-to-date, wrote on the assumption that to be obscure constituted of itself poetry. This was the period called by the historians of literature the age of "Symbolism." As a reaction against the fakers, such poets as Hérédia, at times Verlaine himself, and Henri de Régnier, resumed the former classical style; while some, like Claudel and Valéry, kept on. The result was that the latter were for a number of years dragged into oblivion with the bad Symbolists. Later, when the evolution had resumed its logical course, Claudel and Valéry came to the top again. This came about as early as the last years of the War. But history repeated itself, again second rate poets swarmed around them, and—in the general disequilibrium brought about by the War—they left the former fake "Symbolists" far behind, yielding to the most extreme forms of incoherence. The public witnessed the "Dadaist" movement ending in "Surrealism" as expressed in A. Breton's bewildering "Poisson Soluble" (1923). Some remained halfway between sanity and insanity, like the late Appolinaire. Today, however, many Dadaists are considerably *assagis* (Delteil, Breton, Soupault).

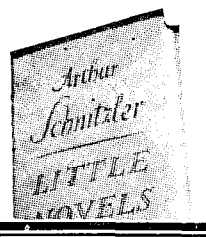
There is a miniature anthology attached to Mr. Bouvier's book, giving poetical extracts in which the real principles can be well perceived of such authors as Claudel and Valéry, and M. Bouvier even counts among these representatives, men like Proust, Duhamel, Fournier.

On one point the reader is left puzzled: M. Bouvier considers *poésie pure* as the natural outcome of it all; but will Abbé Bremond who was the staunch supporter of *poésie pure* in the quarrel he started himself, agree with the author? Bremond gives mysticism as the principle of *poésie pure*, while Bouvier seems to put very subtle intellectuality at the bottom of it all, taking Valéry as the representative *par excellence* of modern poetry. The gentlemen will have to discuss further—already a recent number of the Paris *Le Temps* seems to announce a coming further exchange of arguments.

"All Quiet on the Western Front," Erich Maria Remarque's popular novel of the world war as a German soldier saw it, has been barred from all military libraries of the Austrian army, according to a Vienna dispatch of the *Telegraphen Union*. The commander of the brigade at Graz first read the book and prohibited the soldiers of his command from reading it. The Minister of Defence approved the action and banned the book throughout the army.



DRAWING from Words such Beauty as Kreisler draws from Strings



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER and the SOUL of VIENNA

IN *a memorable tribute to the author of* Little Novels, *Ludwig Lewisohn says: "The chill winds of the harsh dawn of a new world blow angrily about the aging master. He remembers his youth . . . Nothing can exceed the smooth, firm beauty of Schnitzler's style and technique . . . This is the Vienna, this the Salzburg of the days of the Empire. Life had a neo-Pagan elegance, an autumnal charm. . "*

It is customary indeed to characterize Arthur Schnitzler as the quintessence of Vienna. He evokes not only the glow and tragedy of love in Vienna . . . but the music of Vienna in the nuances of his prose . . . the science of Vienna in his researches into the sub-conscious . . . the craftsmanship of Vienna in his skill . . .

For more than three decades Arthur Schnitzler's short stories, novelettes and dramas have been acclaimed by critics and readers for their tenderness, their wit, their compassion, their melancholy splendor. In the last few years, the American success of Fräulein Else, Rhapsody, Beatrice, Daybreak *and* Therese *have consolidated a growing fame and brought to many readers the unduplicable glamour of his art.*

WHO can weave the pattern of Viennese life with such magic as Arthur Schnitzler . . . drawing from words the same haunting beauty that Kreisler draws from strings? Who can so effectively blend the enchantment and disenchantment, the arrogance and humility, the tragedy and high comedy of love on the shores of the song-laden Danube?

In *Little Novels*, the author of *Fräulein Else*, *Rhapsody*, *Daybreak*, *Beatrice* and *Anatol*, again peers into the sub-conscious with the eye of genius—the eye that illuminates and holds spell-bound.

Most of these ten tales, employing that gravely ironical manner which is Schnitzler's own, deal with the relations between men and women. One or two, such as *The Prophecy*, treat startlingly of the workings of Fate, and the finest of the collection, a masterpiece among masterpieces, is a tenderly beautiful study of the love between a blind man and his brother.

Anyone who begins the *Fate of the Baron*, which opens this collection of *Little Novels*, will not put down these pages until the last paragraph of the final story, *The Death of a Bachelor*.

In these ten *Little Novels* (for their compactness surely entitles them to this term), the publishers believe that they are offering to Schnitzler's eager and growing American audience the perfect flower of the genius of the Viennese master. The book has just been published and is on sale at your own bookstore for $2.50.

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"LITTLE NOVELS"
a new book by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

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Points of View

In Rebuttal

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In your issue dated April 20th, you were good enough to carry a review of my recent book, "The Story of Superstition."

The reviewer, S. Foster Damon, of Brown University, was a bit impatient because he found it necessary to take some of my statements on trust—or not at all. Thus he noticed my remark, "One of the great text-books of Jewish mysticism says: 'Beauty diffuses itself into the world as an apple.' " "The remark," he complains, "is curious enough to make one search further in that book; but the title is not given."

"The Story of Superstition" is intended to be a popular and simple account, and it did not occur to me that I would include in my circle of readers such scholarly souls that documentation would be helpful instead of harmful. But for the benefit of the reviewer I may say that the book in question is none other than the Zohar, otherwise known as Midrash ha-Zohar or Midrash de-Rabbi Shim'on ben Yochai. I am sure that Mr. Damon will scurry at once to its Cabalistic pages, and I sincerely hope that he will favor the public with a review of that obscure, pseudepigraphic collection of mystic lore—as soon as he has mastered its contents.

But your reviewer's annoyance does not end here. He notices a half sentence in my book as follows: "The Rosicrucians during the Middle Ages indulged in priapic ceremonies." This he is inclined to doubt. "As the Rosicrucians did not appear till the seventeenth century, such an early beginning needs proof; and their ceremonies, as far as they are known, seem to have been of the most decent and exalted."

Now that we have learned that even simple popular outlines are to be carefully documented so that readers will not miss a chance to read the Zohar, would it be out of order for me to suggest the innovation of documented and annotated reviews? I do not know whence the learned reviewer derived his information, and, while I know that a certain statement in the article Rosicrucians in the Encyclopedia Americana can be interpreted to mean that the order began in the seventeenth century, I refuse to believe that this alone was the source of Mr. Damon's knowledge. Even the Hasting's "Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics" (a most conservative authority in these matters) traces the society back to about the year 1420, while other authorities trace it back still farther.

In matters of this kind, there are at least two methods by which one might seek information. One might go to the works of the Rosicrucians themselves, or one might go to the books of impartial scientific writers. In the preparation of the half sentence to which your reviewer takes exception I have gone to both sources.

If, when he has finished studying the Zohar, Mr. Damon will consult Max Heindel's "The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception," issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship (page 518), he will be told that "in the thirteenth century a high spiritual teacher . . .founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians. . . ." I suggest also that he consult the index of that book for the word "sex."

C. W. Heckethorn, in "The Secret Societies of All Ages and Countries" (vol. 1, pages 219-20), says, "The society is of uncertain origin. It is affirmed by some writers that from the fourteenth century there existed a society of physicists and alchymists who laboured in the search after the philosopher's stone. . . ." The same writer indicates the phallic nature of some of the symbolism.

Perhaps we can settle the matter by turning to Dr. Sanger Brown's "The Sex Worship and Symbolism of Primitive Races." This work bears an introduction by Professor James H. Leuba, who is an outstanding authority on the history of religions and especially of mysticism. The passage I cite is from pages 84-5 of Dr. Brown's book, in which he relies on the authority of Hargrave Jennings. "The Rosicrucians," says Dr. Brown, "the Rosicrucians of the Middle Ages are rather better known, though this order also is very obscure. The Rosicrucians as well as the Gnostics had phallic emblems. They worshipped in a form very similar to that under which Priapus was worshipped. Moreover, as was the case with a number of these secret societies, they introduced perverse sexual practices. . . ."

Your reviewer has one further count against me. "The witches, we are told, organized to continue, ignorantly, the worship of Priapus." Probably "we are told" this in "The Story of Superstition." If the reader cares to turn to page 270-1 of my book he will find that the reviewer has made a mistake. What I said was—not that the witches were organized—but that there did exist such a thing as an organization known as the Witches Sabbath, and that there was such a thing as a witchcraft tradition. This certainly does not mean that there is "something in" witchcraft. Doubtless the scientific explanation of much that came out in the sorcery trials may be subsumed under the head of hysteria. The fact remains that there was an organization known as the Witches Sabbath. And by the way, Dr. Brown describes this society. He relies on the authority of R. P. Knight, "Worship of Priapus."

I mentioned above a half sentence which aroused the ire of Mr. Damon. Perhaps it will mean more to the reader if I quote the entire sentence. "The Rosicrucians during the Middle Ages indulged in priapic ceremonies, and there were other such sects, including an organization known as the 'Witches' Sabbath'."

The simple fact of the matter is that "The Story of Superstition" was written as a popular outline of a subject that I have found interesting. My book was addressed to those who are unfamiliar with the subject itself, and it is not documented. However, it contains a bibliography to help those readers who would like to pursue the matter further.

PHILIP F. WATERMAN.

An Open Question

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your Compleat Collector of June 1 quotes for its great wisdom and unusual sanity a note from a bookseller's catalogue, of which the kernel is "surely, it is the order of issue by the publisher that counts, and not the order of printing. No one can say in what order the sheets would be picked up by the gatherers, sewed by the sewers, bound by the binders, delivered to the publishers, or issued by them to the booksellers. It is the last point which is important to the collector." Then it is explained that the particular book in question is of the first issue if the fore and lower edges are partly trimmed, but second issue if they are either wholly trimmed or wholly untrimmed.

Now if a satirist wished to ridicule book-collectors, could he invent a fiction that would produce his effect more strongly than this actual pronouncement? How can the order of issue from the publishers to the booksellers be of greater interest than the earlier or later condition of the type from which the book was printed (in the case in hand, the presence or absence of an "o" on page 365) except on the hypothesis that the collector is just the sort of being that the satirist conventionally alleges him to be?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Graduate Study Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Surely an intelligent mean exists between the disillusioned Graduate Student who wrote in your July 20 issue, and the Pippaesque University of Washington chap (Aug. 17 issue) who thinks all is lovely with our graduate schools except a few students. The theory of the Ph.D. in English is not sacrosanct, despite Professor Jones's understandable irritation with a sophomoric complaint, and it could stand an airing in the name of literature.

Professor Angell's article in your issue of June 22 concluded with a magnificent program for our universities, with such phrases as "think independently for themselves," "large liberty of action," "acquaintance with large germinative ideas," "how the human spirit expresses itself in the *most purely creative moods*" (italics mine), "discover and call out whatever powers they may possess for really creative achievement." I do not know whether this was to be limited to undergraduate students, or not, but I think I am not entirely unjust when I suggest that some graduate students may have shrugged their shoulders as at a baccalaureate flourish, somehow incompatible with many, many phases of the process of snaring a Ph.D. Many graduate students must have the feeling of dismissing such phrases until later—until they may be freer to strive for a little *understanding* with all their getting, a breath of insight with all the footnotes.

Nor is Graduate Student entirely wrong when he intimates that given a choice between original texts and collateral bibliography, it is safer under many a professor to neglect the former. "Credits is credits." True, a graduate student should not have to be told to read; but he had better read what he is told to.

There are, let us admit it, graduate students of unquestioned calibre who pause at times and regret the slow atrophy of one-time creative impulses, and who, in their bitterer moments, point at the pedant with depleted vitality and say, "There go I." For a graduate student needs above all vitality, patience, obedience, and money. Ability will not compensate for the lack of these, whatever the catalogues say.

There is a suspicion abroad in some quarters that research training taken seriously, unfits for teaching. If there is any truth in this, it, too, should be taken into consideration in President Angell's "We are bound by whatever methods to secure more creditable results than we are now achieving."

We advise Graduate Student to play the stoic and plug away—or quit.

TEACHER AND GRADUATE STUDENT

Chicago, Ill.

And Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review.*

Sir:

Somewhere, among my Myersonian "Irrationals" are hundreds of letters I have wanted to write to the *Saturday Review.* But I am forced to concrete expression by "Graduate Student's" Letter of July 20.

For this young man, instead of giving the advice, is himself in sore need of some. He complains that his postgraduate work in literature stresses works *about literature.* Just how does that prohibit a serious student from reading the sources? Surely curiosity alone should be enough to prompt him, especially one who is aroused to desperation. If, after hearing lectures from learned professors, and after reading thousands of pages of literature, as most of it is, *about* the masters, he is not so imbued with the fever of reading all the original writings of these Masters, he is out of his true element. He could stop after reading fifty pages of "Moby Dick." Impossible! The man doesn't breathe who could stop anywhere but at the "finis" of Herman Melville's masterpiece.

I, too, am studying for the Master of Arts Degree in English, and as a result, am living on the heights. What a privilege to sit in the classes of a fine English scholar, who can direct you to the best authorities, who gives you his own valued opinion, and who quotes choice bits of the masters. What a delight then, to read the Masters further, get their spirit, live within them! And, O keenest of pleasures, to match your own mind with those established authorities on the Masters, and to discuss your reactions with your interested professor at the next session.

Those two courses, English literature and American literature, have created an insatiable desire to read, read, read. And he who has an appetite *must* get food. Lack of time? Some people call me busy. For I manage my household, do my own washing, cleaning, mending, sew all the clothes, including coats for my little daughter and myself, and teach school and attend college three hours a week.

I simply had to pass some of those joyous messages on, so I've been giving talks to the Woman's Club, which I organized and served as president. The subjects cover art, education, and literature, in turn, as I have been studying them. For a while I wrote daily accounts of a Better Homes campaign I was managing in three newspapers, then later limited myself to weekly accounts, including a book review of the new novels that reached our library. And by the way, it takes two hours each way daily between my school in New York City and my little Jersey home that is such a healthful, happy playground for my little girl. There you have it! I do a great part of my reading and writing while commuting. I study poetry while doing the dishes. Lack of time? Time is what *you* make it. Einstein assures us of that.

And I never miss one inch of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, which is a liberal education in itself, and to which I am indebted for arousing thirsts for reading I *must* quench.

Come, graduate student, be thankful for those researchers—Lewis Mumford and Emil Ludwig among them—don't be immune to the contagion of reading. You'll find time for everything but disappointment. For one moment you'll be declining in the west of Spengler, another, you'll be exploring the nature of the physical world with Eddington. Once you'll be sailing on Poe's Nicæan Bark, then migrating with Whitman's muse from Greece and Ionia to the fresher land of Emily Dickinson, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, etc. What a glorious adventure is in store for anyone who takes the little time required of the vast infinite.

To misquote my favorite, Goethe,

Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele
Die liest.

GRADUATE STUDENT.

College of City of New York.

A Bibliography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I have just read with great interest, in the issue of August 3, the editorial, "In Memoriam, 1914," and the article, "The Anniversary," by Frank H. Simonds.

It may interest your readers to know that a bibliography of fiction, poetry, and drama that encourages world peace is to be published this coming year by the F. W. Faxon Company in the three issues of the *Bulletin of Bibliography* and is also to be printed in pamphlet form. It is being prepared by a group in Baltimore, consisting of Professor Jane F. Goodloe of the Department of German in Goucher College, Miss Grace McCann of the Department of Romance Languages, Mrs. Raymond P. Hawes of the staff of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, and myself. It is to be an annotated bibliography, each item being accompanied by a brief descriptive comment. There is to be a general introduction and also a prefatory note for each national section. We are trying to make our list as inclusive as possible, for we believe that the very number of books written with the hatred of war as their theme is impressive. But we also intend to indicate those books which, in our opinion, are of permanent value. We are limiting the bibliography to books published since 1900.

We should be very glad of any suggestions from you or your readers of titles that should be included.

ELIZABETH NITCHIE.

Goucher College.

An Esperanto museum—the first of its kind in the world—was opened recently in the National Library in Vienna.

The Dutton Prize Book for September

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS

By Henry Williamson

A new novel by the author of THE PATHWAY!

THE SAME VITAL BEAUTY AND LITERARY GENIUS WHICH CHARACTERIZED "THE PATHWAY" ARE AS CONSPICUOUS IN MR. WILLIAMSON'S NEW NOVEL. IT IS A SENSITIVE STUDY OF THE RELATIONSHIP OF FATHER AND SON—ONE OF THE MOST SYMPATHETIC STORIES OF CHILDHOOD EVER WRITTEN, TOLD BY A CONSUMMATE MASTER OF MUSICAL PROSE. AT ALL BOOKSTORES, $2.50

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The New Books

The book listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewer later.

Art

EVOLUTION OF ART. By RUTH DE ROCHEMONT. Macmillan. 1929. $6.

Bravery is usually admirable—but too frequently it has its roots in ignorance and insensibility. Brave indeed is a book that carries the title "Evolution of Art." For some time an interested public has wanted to know what Art really is, to say nothing of an explanation of its evolution. At last that public is to know. Here are words which will explain how the material, thought, and inspiration of creative imagination have produced architecture, painting, sculpture, tapestries, ceramics, and all the numerous manifestations of esthetic impulse. And not only shall the teaching have to do with production, but with the changes and adaptations of the material, thought, and inspiration to new outside forces such as politics, commerce, and religion. All this the title leads one to expect. As the preface states, there have been unsuccessful attempts to do this before. The present volume must be ranked with the failures. Vague generalizations, art jargon, feeble sentimentalism, and a handy literary background are the elements employed throughout the book. Loose thinking and loose construction prevail. Here is found a limited collection of emotional reactions, unrestrained by any sense of historical or esthetic criticism. It is only fair to let the book speak for itself.

At the end of the preface a general summing up of the aims of the "Evolution of Art" is given as follows:

> Not all of us have either the time or the inclination to be connoisseurs or even amateurs, but the busiest of us may find refreshment and inspiration in taking, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the great panorama of art throughout the ages, noting its eminence, its far-spreading pleasure grounds, its forests of cooling shade, and its cascades of the living water of beauty.

Belles Lettres

THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS, A Study of the Relation of Author to Patron, Publisher, and Public, 1780-1832 By A. S. COLLINS. Dutton. 1929.

This is a continuing volume to Mr. Collins's "Authorship in the Days of Johnson." It brings the subject down to nearly the beginning of the Victorian era, when literature became for the first time a considerable profession. "Those who have been the greatest in the practice of letters have rarely been those to whom letters was their supporting profession. . . . In the fifty years that followed the death of Johnson, only one truly great man lived (Southey) whose whole estate was in his inkstand." No such statements could be made of the fifty years after the death of Scott, or of the fifty years again succeeding. The change has come from the growth of the reading public.

The patron mainly disappeared in the eighteenth century. During the period covered here by Mr. Collins the reading public was still not large enough to support a genuine profession. He notes the various movements and enterprises by which the larger public was developed. In a sense the profession was founded by Pope. Between Johnson and Scott the reading public grew very rapidly, with improved communications, industrial change, radical pamphlets, newspapers, and popular education, circulating libraries, literary societies, second-hand-book dealers, and the new policies of publishers. Constable was a man of vision. Murray was more cautious. The founding of the *Edinburgh Review* was revolutionary, the sale of Scott's novels unprecedented. By 1832 both writers and readers were multitudinous, and the fact had much to do with the Reform Bill. The demand for popular information was already immense. The public had altogether superseded the patron.

Mr. Collins presumably has at least one more volume under way, and his history of the rise of the profession of writing in England will be one of the valuable works in the cultural history of our extraordinary epoch.

Biography

LOKI: The Life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz. By *Jonathan Norton Leonard*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75 net.

JOSEPH ESTLIN CARPENTER. Edited by *C. H. Herford*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

UP ANCHOR. By *D. Harold Hickey*. Abingdon. $1.50.

EDISON: His Life and Inventions. By *Frank Lewis Dyer* and *Thomas Commerford Martin*. Harpers. 2 vols. $10.

MRS. EDDY. By *Edwin Franden Dakin*. Scribners. $5.

THE LIFE OF HERMANN M. BIGGS. By *C. E. A. Winslow*. Philadelphia: Lee & Febiger.

PORTRAITS AND REFLECTIONS. By *Stuart Hodgson*. Dutton. $2.50.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: An Autobiography. New edition. Scribners. $2.50.

THE LIFE OF LADY BYRON. By *Ethel Colburn Mayne*. Scribners. $5.

LATER LETTERS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY. Edited by the *Dean of Windsor* and *Hector Bolitho*. Cape-Smith. $3.

THE FARINGTON DIARY. By *Joseph Farington*. Edited by *James Greig*. Doubleday, Doran. $7.50 net.

STAGE FAVORITES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *Lewis Melville*. Doubleday, Doran. $6 net.

JOHN BROWN. By *Oswald Garrison Villard*. Doubleday, Doran. $4 net.

NOT ALL THE TRUTH. By *Lewis Melville*. Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Translated and adapated by *Sir George Arthur*. Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

LOUIS XI. By *Pierre Champion*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

HENRY FORD MOTOR GENIUS. By *William A. Simondus*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF NICOLO MACHIAVELLI. By *Orestes Ferrara*. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.25.

Drama

LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Cape-Smith. 1929. $2.50.

Several of these plays have been published in separate volumes. In this new edition Mr. Housman (brother to Clemence, not to A. E.) brings them together. Thus united, they make a dramatic cycle of the life and legends of St. Francis of Assisi. There are, in all, eighteen one-act episodes divided in three parts, many of which have small basis either in St. Francis's life or legend. The first part, for example, contains the imprisonment at Perugia, Francis's illness, and his encounter with the leper, through which are woven wholly imaginary and not always relevant incidents. Yet no one should reproach a poet for embroidering—or even ignoring—facts, especially when the author admits his departures from historical events, wisely adding, "History is, indeed, the greatest of all works of fiction: and even its official and contemporary records lead us—and often are intended to lead us—very far from truth."

On the whole, Mr. Housman mingles his facts and fictions excellently. If he omits the traditional ordeal by fire which one imagines would have made a particularly telling scene, he makes the less vivid political-ecclesiastical situation clear and credible. Even the liberty of turning the wolf into a human robber is not without justification. What keeps these playlets from complete success is their language, not their conception. Their author relies too often on stock poeticisms, on epithets and locutions that were lifeless even before Stephen Phillips failed to revitalize them. The tone is both high and flat, and this lack of authentic speech makes the conversations theatrical instead of dramatic. In spite of this, the passages move; a quiet drama, inherent in the theme, unfolds in violence and grows in reverence. It is at least, a recognizable Saint Francis Poverello that emerges from the overornate pages.

LYSISTRATA. By *Maurice Donnay*. Translated by *William A. Drake*. Knopf.

EASTER AND OTHER PLAYS. By *August Strindberg*. Cape-Smith. $2.50.

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By *Frantisek Langer*. Brentanos. $2.

NYDIA. By *George Henry Boker*. Edited by *Edward Sculley Bradley*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.

HARVEST. By *Oakley Stout*. Longmans, Green. $1.50.

THE NEW SPIRIT. By *John F. Volkert*. Meador. $1.

LOVE AND THE VIRGINS. By *Charles R. Jury*. Oxford University Press. $2.

Fiction

SATAN AS LIGHTNING. By BASIL KING. Harpers. 1929. $2.

An air of solemnity broods over this novel. The late Basil King had a message for his reader, the message that joy only comes when we have cast evil out of our lives, cast it out so that it will fall into deepest oblivion—just as "I saw Satan as lightning fall from Heaven." Although of course unable to read the author's mind, we believe that the narrative was meant to be first of all a demonstration of this thesis, and only secondarily an entertaining or an artistically satisfying novel.

The story is of a young man, born into a good New York family, who served a term of almost four years in state's prison. A companion in youthful check-raising ought to have been given a like sentence, but he evaded all punishment. On coming out of prison, this Owen Hasketh had in his mind only the fixed purpose of revenge against his former friend; ignoring his family and his proper social circle, he makes a wholly fresh life for himself. The gradual attrition of the revenge motive as the dominating force of his life and the resulting increase in his peace of mind forms the main thread of the narrative. This is not a very substantial plot for a full-length novel, but Basil King manages, chiefly by the introduction of a vivid background and by the use of one or two entertaining secondary characters, to sustain our interest in the fortunes of Owen Hesketh.

The novel is sincere, serious, and earnest, but as entertainment it does not approach first rank. As a thesis novel it is tolerably convincing, maintaining its poise, indulging in neither screaming nor false emphasis. Probably the excellent pictures of New York will go a long way towards making the book worth while for many readers; others will find cheer in the message of possible freedom from the domination of evil.

HOUP LA! By CROSBY GARSTIN. Stokes. 1929. $2.

In what is almost a throwback to the picaresque novel, Crosbie Garstin tells of a hilarious, wholly implausible chase across three continents after nothing in particular. Bill, the protagonist, is a typical story-book Englishman, wearing his monocle with careless skill, issuing incessant Wodehousian wisecracks that are never truly bad, and conducting himself under all circumstances with the beautiful efficiency of an ocean liner. There is no plot whatsoever to "Houp La!" but we don't care particularly. Bill, who is really a genuine British earl, rushes hither and yon, stirring up trouble and then trying to look innnocent; when he gets amorously entangled with an indigent circus we see the book running at its best. Mr. Garstin must have known that circus somewhere; it is altogether too good not to be true. The faults of the novel are clearly visible to the naked eye, but its gay good humor and the true comicality of its characters and episodes make us very willing to look the other way. Novels like this one contribute much to the gayety if not to the significance of vacation days. No one can go far wrong if he chooses "Houp La!" for entertainment.

THE BOOK OF BETTE. By ELEANOR MERCEIN. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

Eleanor Mercein continues in this novel the story of the Urruty family of the Basque country which she began in "Basquerie." In this book she chronicles the bridal quest of the quaint Eskualdunak sister-in-law of Emily, the American heroine of "Basquerie."

Mrs. Mercein-Kelly weaves her plot with sophistication, which implies, among other things, a dry humor. The action, invariably proceeding with hysteric tension, she uses economically to delineate the unique contours of her characters, Spanish grandee to Romany rye. Her style, although so deeply immersed in the *patois* of her scene as to require a glossary, captures, perhaps because of this, the sparkle and romance which result from the marriage of her saga to the folkways of the setting.

The book is concerned entirely with character, *genre*, and action. No ideas, no philosophy, dusty or otherwise, set themselves apart from the characters. The result is a document of human interest, of cinema type, with no other purpose than to amuse—a purpose which has an inevitable connection with art.

THE BLACK CAMEL. By EARL DERR BIGGERS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

Charlie Chan is an original and interesting detective. We wish that Mr. Biggers had given him a more juicy murder to work on than that in "The Black Camel." This rather prosaic and uninspired tale takes place in Hawaii, where a visiting Hollywood star gets murdered just before a dinner party. All the guests are suspect, and not until the last chapter do we find out who did the deed. We were not so very stupid, at that, for Mr. Biggers is just on the border line of not playing fair with us. Do not detective-story ethics demand that the criminal be somewhat under our noses through most of the narrative? But perhaps we are carping. After all, Chan is the really interesting thing in the novel, keeping it alive many times. Better detective stories have been written, stories more lively, more adroit. And yet this will do well enough for the casual reader.

THE MAY DAY MYSTERY. By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN. Appleton. 1929. $2.

This tale seems to us a thin and callow specimen of mystery fiction. A disreputable senior of a Southern co-educational university is murdered in his fraternity-house room, the circumstances of the crime suspiciously involving four other students, two

(*Continued on page 98*)

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 67. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing humorless excerpt from a Ph.D. thesis on "The Allegorical Aspect of Cinderella." (Entries, which must be confined to 400 words including footnotes and quotations, should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of September 23.)

Competition No. 68. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Tennysonian lines—"Locksley Hall 1929." (Entries should not exceed thirty lines of the appropriate verse and must reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of October 7.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SIXTY-FOURTH COMPETITION

THE prize for the best lyric containing neither adjectives nor adverbs has been awarded to Dalnar Devening, of San Francisco, Cal.

THE WINNING ENTRY

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"
Were I permitted adjectives I might,
Or my command of adverbs to display,
But lack of these to fancy is a blight.
The breed of wind that teaches buds to dance
Must blow without a title, and no hue
That mars or beautifies Apollo's glance
A secret stay though blazing in the blue.
The artist with his easel, canvas spread,
His brushes and his palette but sans *paint;*
The weaver at his loom without a thread—
They know the hopelessness of my restraint.
I fear, sans *adverb and* sans *adjective,*
Shakespeare himself had failed to make thee live!

DALNAR DEVENING.

The best entries were by Dexter Wright, John A. L. Odde, Claudius Jones, Charles D. Cameron, Frances H. Gaines (who has been reading Robert Bridges), and Corinne R. Swain, who used the adverb *not* twice in her first line. In most of these the feeling of discomfort seemed comparatively slight. Dalnar Devening's case deserves the prize. But I wish competitors less often offered lyrics in the sonnet form. Entries were accompanied by a large correspondence, most of it devoted to the question whether the articles *a* and *the* were banned as adjectives. Eleanor Glenn Wallis avoided the possible difficulty in her "sonnet" on Spring—"Earth Knows Birth Throes; Lass Sings, Grass Springs, Boughs Shoot, Sows Root, Cows Browse." But the articles were quite admissible. Nearly everybody employed them.

M. A. Little voiced the common feeling when he wrote—

Have a heart and tell us, scout,
Have you got a notion
Folks can't write a "pome" without
Showing their emotion.

Homer Parsons wanted to know—

Can poetry breathe, can lyrics live
Sans adverb and sans adjective?
Can critics carp, can jackets blurb
Sans *adjectice and* sans *adverb?*

Marshall M. Brice submitted a questionnaire in quatrains:

I'd like to get particulars on this
Before I try. Adverbs and adjectives
Slip through my mind, my metamorphosis
From verbs or pronouns like demonstratives.
If a *or* and *or* the, *the articles,*
Are classed as adjectives, my hopes are flown.
If flown's *a participle, let the knells*
Sound over me, for use of verbs is gone.

His second entry was better than this. It was hard to choose between Dexter Wright and the winner. Mr. Wright's lyric was called "Words at the Hour-glass." I confess that I jibbed a little at his personification of Death.

If Death should say: "I offer you
A robe of earth, a crown of dew,
Communion with the roots of things,
And friendship with the blossomings
Of violet and meadow-rue,"
I think that I would find content
In going to his tenement.
But death says this: "It's time to go.
I offer you the dark, the flow
Of silence and imprisonment
In clay." He says: "Life nears the close,
Forget the blossom and the rose,
Forget the things of sound and light,
Come walk with me into the night."
And I must follow—this He knows.

Clinton Scollard and Mary Carolyn Davies are both commended. I hope to print Charles D. Cameron's lines on the Sorbonne in a later issue. One sympathizes with his note—"Though I have never been anything but a visitor in Paris, I find myself like many others, wearied by the manner in which the foam and froth of that great city is made to appear paramount, and all its vast significance is obliterated in ordinary writing and chatter."

John A. L. Odde's curiously charming lines follow—

Men to retirement may be born, or
may in time achieve it,
On me the boss has thrust the thing.
It galls me to receive it.
He tells me I must quit the job (the
cause I loathe to mention)
Raise chickens for a hobby, and subsist upon a pension.
I hope I'll manage to survive when
income has been quartered.
I dream of sheriffs dragging me to
see a budget slaughtered.
I hate to live a life of ease, but harbor a misgiving
That nobody will let me have a
chance to earn my living.

But it's the end of autumn. What
with labor I have treasured
Must yield the winter's rest which by
eternity is measured.
If naught but pension may remain to
cherish an existence,
God help me keep within life's
stream, nor undertake resistance.
For strength would fail. I take de-
light in family, friends — and
Nature,
Whose laws I would refuse to change
were I God's legislature.
I'll banish worry and complaint. I'm
in for a vacation
That can't disturb the soul in me or
bust the corporation.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins and Gilbert M. Troxell

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

IT can no longer be doubted that book-collecting, like polo, has at last become a recognized part of the social scene—both occupations have had, of course, long, notable histories, but except for their appeal to certain small groups in every age, neither has, until recently, been entirely accepted as a definite part of life which may, or may not, be followed actively by a majority of the country's newspaper readers. Polo, it seems, has spread even to the remoter farms of Texas, while book-collecting has brought forth in all sections, because of some newspaper note, an appalling number of very old and very rare family possessions dating, for the most part, from 1850, which the owners are willing to give up for a considerable sum. It is unnecessary now to inquire, "*Why* do you collect?"—the question could never be answered satisfactorily, and the reasons are of no consequence at present. And even though statistics, compiled for some busy publisher who longs to make every one "book-conscious," show that one hundred and twenty million Americans purchased, aside from text-books, only one hundred million volumes during the past year, there is no cause for regret—it is only remarkable to find that so many persons had the ability to disregard books as a new kind of investment.

To the individual who, in the past, tried to satisfy his curiosity by looking for the why of collecting, a new problem has come, that of deciding what he himself had better collect. Advice pours in on him from all quarters: he may buy whole volumes on the subject, containing lists of books with their approximate values attached; he may go to his favorite book-dealer for assistance; he may find light in the current periodicals. Here, for example, is Mr. Richard Curle in a recent number of the *World's Work,* writing about what books ought to be bought, and why. From him the inquiring soul will learn that four chief groups may still be considered as possible for collecting: uncut copies in the original boards of writers publishing between 1815 and 1825, with the exceptions of Keats and Shelley; the three-volume novels of the Victorian era by anyone except Dickens and Thackeray; almost any American first editions, provided that they are in fine condition; and, rather oddly, association books. For his benefit, Mr. Curle proceeds to explain these groups in the simplest manner, issuing warnings about several expensive books that cannot be picked up at bargain prices, discussing bibliographies, and offering as much help as he can. "The first instinct of the young collector is, as a rule, to go for the moderns. It is as one might expect, for their books are in every shop, and talk about them is in every paper. But it is all too speculative. Not only do the moderns, with their fluid reputations, wax and wane with alarming rapidity, but their rarities are too often artificial rarities. . . . Furthermore, the perpetual magnifying of tiny typographical errors into 'issues' defeats its own purpose and at long last sickens even the most ardent student of trifles. I do not deny that the collecting of modern writers offers attractions and even rewards, but I would counsel against it. The self-consciousness of the age is antipathetic to the connoisseur of true values." Whether in 1905 these sentences would have meant anything to the majority of magazine readers, except that the editor who accepted such an essay must have been temporarily bereft of his senses when he did it, and therefore in need of a letter of expostulation, it is not difficult to determine—collecting then in its most widely known forms was a matter of postage-stamp albums for small boys, and of larger, more imposing volumes for the picture postal cards of their mothers and sisters. Now, presumably, it possesses enough general interest to make books, weekly columns in periodicals and newspapers, and even entire magazines seem worth while—the innocent inquirer has made himself as a class into a figure of importance.

"And I would counsel against the indiscriminate and voracious collecting of books from private presses." (Mr. Curle has, before this, in his remarks on association books, dismissed rather briefly limited editions signed by the authors—"Such books partake of the nature of a business proposition, and, having little personality about them, yield more satisfaction to the producer than to the purchaser.") "A few such books add a dignified note to a library, but there is, it seems to me, something rather fatuous in assembling the books of a given press" (or, he might have said, with equal truth and perhaps greater exactness, of a given type-designer) "whether their contents interest one or not. That is not real book-collecting. Like the flamboyant rows of standard authors in crushed morocco, such volumes, in mass, are more reminiscent of furniture than of books. They feast the eye—they do not soothe the imagination." No, doubt, by this time, Mr. Curle has already received correction and reproof from the disgruntled for such heresy—he may even have been taken to task sharply for expressing his personal opinion without consulting the country's most eminent publishers. But this scarcely detracts from the value of his advice—he has become convinced by experience that the kind of collecting typified by the self-satisfied uniformity of the "sets" in average family libraries ought to be avoided, and therefore, because such books are wanted now only by public institutions of various kinds, or by personss who feel no compelling enthusiasm for first editions, he feels justified in writing as he does. For it is another indication of the growth of the collecting instinct that young persons no longer return from college laden with the complete output of Bret Harte and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, together with "The Library of the World's Classics," in uniform bindings, to add to the traditional groups of Francis Parkman and Charles Dickens already assembled in their homes: they have passed beyond such obvious innocence, and are far more inclined to criticize the lamentable failure of their parents or grandparents to acquire the original part issue of "Vanity Fair" when it appeared, than to accept the standards of their elders in the matter of suitable volumes for private libraries. What they want, if they care at all, is to find somewhere a reasonable amount of help in the solving of whatever collecting problems confront them.

G. M. T.

THERE have been lately only two dealers's catalogues of special interest: Francis Edwards, New Series, number 3—"Ancient Geography; a Catalogue of Atlases and Maps of all parts of the world from the XV Century to the Present Day"—and Maggs catalogue number 521—"Bibliotheca Asiatica et Africana," part 5. Both seem especially well done, and well illustrated—the Edwards has perhaps the greater general appeal of the two.

Doubleday, Doran have just brought out their first catalogue of limited editions. According to the preface, this firm makes a special distinction between "limited editions" and "special editions." "The number of people for whom a given book will have its full value can generally be very roughly estimated, and the edition of that book will be limited to that number. Other books of special interest, and requiring special treatment, will appeal to a larger number, impossible to estimate. Each book of such a character will appear on the list as a 'special edition,' unnumbered. Occasionally, the publishers may issue a trade edition of a book first published in a limited edition, but in every such instance editorial treatment and format will be so different, owing to the different purpose, that the principle of distributing limited edition books to definite audiences will not be affected." In an accompanying letter, an even greater degree of explicitness is present: "When we announce a 'special' edition, we mean that the number of copies therein shall be under 1,000, and that these will be numbered. We do not intent to publish any book in either

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a limited or in a special edition which cannot stand on its own merits. We believe that the limited or the special edition should be one prepared for a definite group intelligently interested in the particular subject the book presents, and we are basing our whole program of publishing in this field on that interpretation. All the books on the list will be designed and printed by various presses, each press being selected on the basis of its special qualifications to do the particular book." While there seems to be a slight contradiction on the subject of numbering 'special' editions, the outline of the idea is reasonable, and not without interest. The prices to be asked are, of course, high.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS: POINTS AND VALUES. By GILBERT H. FABES. London: W. & G. Foyle, Ltd. 1929.

AS an indication of the English point of view on the subject of modern authors most worth collecting, this volume is especially interesting, for, if, as Mr. Fabes remarks with a certain superiority in his preface, "What England thinks to-day, America will think to-morrow," then a complete revision of opinion will have to commence in this country at once. The authors considered are, for the most part, entirely respectable, and even though it may seem curious to include Michael Arlen, Radclyffe Hall, Lion Feuchtwanger, and Helen Thomas, and omit others of much greater significance, there is still reason to be grateful—many Americans may perhaps be happily engaged in acquiring the works of just these persons at this time. The book, quite frankly, is a "tool" for collectors, a handy guide for the inexperienced who, in their searches through book-shops, need a definite statement of what they are to look for—they had best, however, prepare themselves in advance with a pocket-ruler and a certificate of perfect vision from their oculists before they attempt to follow it in everything. The "points" given in detail concern themselves almost consistently with changes in the color of the cloth used in binding, but with Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's two books, the element of exact measurement appears prominently—"The first issue (of 'Waiting for Daylight') is bound in a slightly darker cloth than that of the second issue, and the word 'Cassell' at the bottom of the spine in the first is smaller, the letters being one-sixth of an inch in height. The height of the letters on the second issue is one-eighth of an inch. Further, in the first, the letters 'H. M.' of the author's initials are three-eighths of an inch from the title on the back, and in the second, they are a quarter of an inch. The end-papers of the first are much thinner than those of the second." How anyone, without two copies of the book before him, can ever decide what he has is a matter for the collectors of Great Britain to settle for themselves—the maddest requirements of American library cataloguing have never demanded such minute exactness, or such entire dependence upon fractional inches.

It is a pity that the author, who must have put an enormous amount of painstaking labor and research into his work, should have felt it necessary to confine his selections of books to those that illustrate his theory of "points"; perhaps there is nothing startling about the "Shropshire Lad," or Walter de la Mare's earliest volume of poems, but even at that, it is only natural to expect descriptions of these books—and certainly of H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle"—rather than of the titles that actually appear. And it is equally difficult to understand the complete omission of everything connected with Sheila Kaye-Smith, Ethel Sidgwick, May Sinclair, Kenneth Grahame, Hugh Walpole, and William De Morgan, unless, of course, they are to be considered as examples of British yesterdays in collecting. That Mr. Fabes has failed to satisfy entirely the reasonable demands of more exacting collectors can be explained, possibly, on the ground that he has tried to carry out his really excellent idea from the standpoint of a dealer instructing a beginner—it is sincerely to be hoped that his next work will err rather in the direction of a too great inclusiveness than, as in the present instance, in that of condensation and omission.

G. M. T.

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Not a word of shop-talk profaned the hush of the woodland on *The Inner Sanctum's* mountaineering expedition.

Absence from the office seems to have had the usual tonic effect on business. *The Art of Thinking* has amassed another high total—4318 copies for 5 days. *Wolf Solent* doubled its sales total of the previous week, and *The Mansions of Philosophy* and *Believe It or Not* climbed once more to the rarefied heights of the thousand-copies-a-week club.

In fact, things look so fine that any minute now *The Inner Sanctum* trip is to be resumed and indefinitely extended.

—ESSANDESS.

Greece Today

By ELIOT GRINNELL MEARS

HERE is a panoramic picture of present-day Hellas, emerging vigorous and re-vitalized after two decades of constant turmoil. Taking the viewpoint of the business geographer and economic historian, the author has delved into the past and present of such influential factors in Greek history as population, climate, topography, education, politics, race, and culture. His book is a vivid and engaging narrative of the Greek scene, appealing alike to the economist, the classical scholar, and the intelligent tourist. *To be published soon.*

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By Walter Lippmann

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IF you like to have your bookseller consider you a discriminating buyer and appreciative of his best services you will find him interested to know that you read the reviews and advertisements in

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

WE owe and acknowledge, as usual, a real debt to *The Substitute Phoenician* who has carried on in our absence and who, it always seems to us, turns out a *Nest* quite superior to our own. For now we are returned from California and settling back into the traces again. . . .

We understand that *Hansell Baugh* is editing the letters of the late *Frances Newman*, which will be brought out by Liveright on October 25th. . . .

Scribner's has now put *Will James's* "Smoky," the story of a cow horse into their series of illustrated classics for younger readers, with illustrations in color by the author. These books retail at $2.50. . . .

Alice Roosevelt Longworth is now a member of the Board of Editors of the Book League of America. As editor for children's books she will head the League's new department of standard juvenile literature. The League will offer forty-three books sponsored by her. . . .

Viola Meynell's memoir of *Alice Meynell*, her famous poet mother, is out through Scribner's. The daughter has herself made a reputation in contemporary literature. The book is one of the new biographies well worth purchasing. *George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson* were among the great Catholic poet's dearest friends. . . .

A daughter of another of Mrs. Meynell's friends, *Wilfred Scawen Blunt*,—namely *Lady Wentworth*, has just published in England a new volume of poems, "The Flame of Life." . . . .

The author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" will probably go to London this fall. He has been summering in Switzerland. . . .

Books we read while away included *Eleanor Carroll Chilton's* "The Burning Fountain," a beautifully written novel of unusual literary merit, *Julian Green's* "The Dark Journey," a remarkable macabre work, "Hunky," which evinces much power, *Ellen Glasgow's* finely ironic "They Stooped to Folly," *Helen Beauclerk's* "The Love of the Foolish Angel," a dazzling fantasy, *Bayard Schindel's* "Golden Pilgrimage," a first novel that was accepted on the author's twenty-first birthday and is an excellent chronicle of American Army life as seen by an Army boy,—and remarkably mature,—and *Katharine Brush's* volume of short stories, "Night Club," all of which books we can recommend to our readers. . . .

Payson & Clarke take pleasure in announcing the recent appointment of *Josiah Titzell* as their Director of Publicity. Mr. Titzell was formerly assistant editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*. . . .

A new newspaper will make its appearance in this city on September 3rd. It will be a daily and a "tab," though the latter in size only. It will be called *Today in New York*, and have offices at 23 East 26th Street. . . .

Everyman, published in England, is a weekly literary newspaper that started sixteen years ago, was suspended during the War, and put forth its first new number last January. The names of most of its contributors will be well known to *New Statesman* readers. Its address is 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and its rates are thirteen shillings a year, or 6s. 6d. for six months, inclusive of postage of any address in the world. . . .

Jonathan Leonard's second novel, announces the Viking Press, is entitled "The Meddlers. You will remember, perhaps, that this author printed his first book himself at the age of fifty, before the Vikings took it under their wing. He is a new writer distinctly worth following. . . .

On September 26th the Vanguard Press will issue *Charles Erskine Scott Wood's* "The Poet in the Desert." Our own copy of this excellent poem, subtitled "A New Version," bears the date of 1918, Portland, Oregon, is copyrighted by the author, and is from the press of F. W. Baltes and Company. We are extremely glad to hear of it in a new edition. . . . The Vanguard Press has also published Colonel Wood's "Heavenly Discourse" and "Indian Tales" . . . .

The September Selection of the Detective Story Club is "The Duke of York's Steps," by *Henry Wade*, published by Payson & Clarke. "Henry Wade" is, of course, a pen name. The author is a graduate of Eton and of New College, Oxford. After graduation he joined the Grenadier Guards, and came out of service in the Great War with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and Chief of the Administrative Staff of the A. A. and Q. M. G. He was wounded twice and for his bravery received the D. S. O., the Croix de Guerre, and was mentioned four times in despatches for gallantry in action. . . .

W. E. Henderson writes us:

> Anent first column in the *Phoenix Nest* for August 17, 1929. Back in Middlebury College in 1927 in a book by Ernest Boyd I distinctly remember his making the remark—in a chapter on Proust—"The Marcel Wave," applied to the hoity-toity intellectualist snobs. The book is on Foreign Authors. This is not very clear I know,—but see Morley. Yours for "hard-bitten memories."

Appleton very recently published *André Maurois's* "Atmosphere of Love," a novel which *Virginia Woolf* has highly praised in the original French. *Dr. Joseph Collins* has translated it for American readers. . . .

Harold Bell Wright has been collecting the tales and legends of the Papago Indians, while living in Arizona. The same firm publishes an illustrated book of them under the title of "Long Ago Told" . . . .

Willy Pogany has now tried his own illustrating of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" in an attractive edition of the great classic issued by Dutton; but peculiarly enough, and with all admiration for Mr. Pogany's draughtsmanship, the best pictures are those that take most advantage of *Sir John Tenniel's* original compositions. Tenniel has yet to be surpassed in his illustrations for Alice, though many a contemporary artist has attempted to do so. . . .

Harrison Smith of Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith is off on his yacht, the "Cossack," with a party of friends, but is to return very soon to take up Fall publishing problems. . . .

We are getting at reading *Richard Aldington's* "Death of a Hero" which Covici, Friede are just publishing. It deals with three generations in England and shows the background that formed the character of the generation that fought the Great War. . . .

The Book Club of California's most recent publication is "The Persistence of Poetry," an essay by *Witter Bynner*, a volume of twenty-nine pages, put forth in a limited, signed edition designed and printed by the Windsor Press of San Francisco. Copies of the book are for sale only to members of the Club, located at 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Former publications of the Club include work by such California writers as *Ina Coolbrith, Clark Ashton Smith, Ambrose Bierce, Sara Bard Field, George Sterling, Charles K. Field*, and *Genevieve Taggard*. . . .

At the time of his death *H. C. Witwer* was working on his fifteenth novel, to be published now by Putnam's, who have brought out his books since 1922. Its title is "Yes Man's Land," and it will appear in the Spring. . . .

W. W. Norton & Company have published a fine novel which has had high praise in England, namely "Ultima Thule" by *Henry Handel Richardson. The London Daily News* has called it a masterpiece. The name of the author is the pseudonym of a woman, whose first novel, "Maurice Guest," was published in 1908, and warmly admired by *John Masefield, Hugh Walpole, Ernest Newman*, and *Carl Van Vechten*. . . .

And we guess, little listeners, that'll be all for today!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 95*)

girls and two men, who had been on intimate terms with the victim. At the same time there occurs a local bank holdup, supposed to be indirectly connected with the murder, the unknown bandit escaping with $100,000. A grotesque sleuth, called in to investigate both of these affairs, is the sorriest performer we have hitherto observed in the Sherlock rôle.

THE GATE OF A STRANGE FIELD. By HAROLD HESLOP. Appleton. 1929. $2.

Mr. Heslop's novel is about the life of the English coal miner, the sordid struggle of it at its best, and the horror of the worst of it. It is set in the after-the-war period of deflation with the wage-cutting and strikes that resulted. The author was once a miner himself. He knows of what he writes, obviously, and he writes what he knows in a direct, lucid, and natural style that makes the picture very real.

Joe Tarrant, the protagonist, is shown at the age of fourteen, an imaginative, sensitive boy in the midst of a squalor that he is dimly disturbed by. Nevertheless his only idea of a future is that of the mines. He becomes a miner, and, as he becomes older, a leader in the union. The mine having established its strange hold on him, as it does over its servitors, he becomes savagely determined to lead in the struggle for more humane conditions. From the recent history of the British coal mines it will be obvious that the struggle is a desperate one. In the end the mine, not satisfied with having beaten him, takes his life as well. His death frees him from the complexities of a triangle of which the other two sides are women. He loses both, in each case because of his love for the other.

The author draws an interesting picture of the fatuousness and greed of Trade Union politics, and a pathetic one of the rank and file of the miners. When Mr. Heslop learns more about constructing a story and handling material to the best advantage his work will almost certainly attract attention.

(*Continued on next page*)

By André Maurois

ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE

A brilliant novel by the author of "Disraeli" and "Ariel." Translated by *Dr. Joseph Collins*, who says, "'Atmosphere of Love' is the most fascinating book I have read in a long time. The devastations of jealous love have rarely been more tellingly portrayed." $2.50

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

F. E. T., Philadelphia, Pa., says in relation to the call for books on the care of pre-school children, that "no intelligent young mother should be without 'The Inner World of Childhood,' by Frances Wickes (Appleton). The style is beautiful, the material fascinating, and it is written by an analyst, a disciple of Jung. It is easy reading, but more fundamental than Patri." *J. B., Amboy, Illinois*, tells anyone interested in true adventure to get "On the Bottom," by Commander Edward Ellsberg (Dodd, Mead), and I say it's good advice: it is the story of the months-long effort to raise the S51, much of the time watched by the dead. *W. O., Pittsburgh, Pa.*, asks if there is a good abridged edition of Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera." I do not know of an American edition, abridged or otherwise; most of the works of Ruskin have in this country retreated to the foothold on immortality afforded by Everyman's Library and the Oxford World Classics. Even in England there is a decided disposition to cut him short: in the current Cochran revue, the one that takes the place of "This Year of Grace," there is a group of brief encounters of celebrities separated by spaces of time. Dr. Johnson with Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Siddons with a contemporary dramatic critic, and so on. Ruskin thus receives Noel Coward; his first sentence is just rolling magnificiently toward a semicolon when Mr. Coward makes his contribution: "Good-afternoon, Mr. Ruskin," says he, and disappears.

M. A. L. L., Boston, asks where the quotation "fine Italian hand" came from, hardly believing that Shakespeare's "sweet Roman hand" could be the original.

I SUPPOSE it comes from the Italian calligraphy introduced into England in the sixteenth century, which looked even more delicate in contrast to the then-prevalent black-letter. It sounds reasonable to believe that the phrase would be turned in use into application to the moving spirit back of the written character. I advance this theory, however, without authority, and await contradiction from the better-informed.

M. T., Chicago, Ill., asks for the best popularly written book of history from the World War to the present day, preferring one from an American point of view.

"TWENTIETH Century Europe," by Preston William Slosson (Houghton Mifflin), is the volume I keep on hand for reference and have found written in a style sufficiently popular to keep me reading along through it when it first arrived. It is a general survey of the first quarter of the present century; there is just enough of the past to make the present intelligible. There is a chapter on the part taken by science in modern history, by E. S. Slosson. A political history, "1918-1928," by C. Delisle Burns (Payson & Clarke), was prepared for the tenth Armistice anniversary.

Now and again I am asked for a world history on the plan of Wells's "Outline" but without its obvious disadvantages, and since the publication of "The Stream of History," by Geoffrey Parsons (Scribners), I have known just what to recommend. The secret of the book's success is in the second word of the title; it moves steadily and continuously and carries the reader with the current—apparently less of the narrative than of that of human life. Do not expect it to serve as a reference work for the looking up of dates and dynasties; it is an interpretation and an inspiration.

C. J. C., Barrington, Ill., asks for books dealing with authentic experiences of a white man's life in the South Seas, as "Isles of Illusion."

THIS department must draw the line somewhere in this matter of omniscience, and it will henceforward be drawn along the near side of that word "authentic." I am all for peace; suppose I tell you about a South Seas's record casting over the incredible a bland light of probability—which is my idea of a good book about the South Seas. An expert would instantly hop out of the bushes with proof that at the time this should have taken place the author was selling brushes in South Amboy or attending school in Nevada. If you like R. J. Fletcher's "Isles of Illusion" (Small, Maynard), letters from the South Seas by an Englishman who had "gone native," I think you would be one of the few who appreciate "Almayer's Folly," by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Doran), but this, of course, is a novel with no closer connection with life than that afforded by literature. "Faery Lands of the South Seas," by James Norman Hall and C. B. Nordhoff (Houghton, Mifflin), has every sign of an authentic record, and is unusually amusing besides; there are, of course, the works of Frederick O'Brien, "White Shadows in the South Seas," "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," and "Atolls of the Sun" (Century), grand, romantic descriptions that put this part of the world on the American's literary map, especially for a quality that made a friend of mine declare, as he closed the book with reluctance upon the last word, "If all this fellow says is true, he's a damn liar."

"Green Islands in Glittering Seas," by W. Puxley Lavallin (Dodd, Mead), is the story of a young Englishman's experiences with wild life, animal, vegetable, and human, in less frequented parts of the Pacific Islands. Lewis R. Freeman's "In the Track of the Trades" (Dodd, Mead) is the record of a very long yachting cruise that took in all the principal groups; R. L. Stevenson's classic "In the South Seas" (Scribners) is based on two cruises not covering so much space; Martin Johnson's "Cannibal-land" (Houghton Mifflin) is the account of a picture-making expedition to one of the New Hebrides. But of all South Seas books I like the best a gorgeously unauthentic one, "The Cruise of the Kawa," by Traprock (Putnams).

S. T. B., Ballard Vale, Mass., says that when he had the painting of three new doors for a Sunday-school library he resolved to put on appropriate texts in the three original languages of the Bible, because "if I had tried to letter anything in our own alphabet the clumsiness of my workmanship would have been manifest, but an inscription in a foreign alphabet always looks picturesque. So I put on for the Hebrew "I understood by the books," Daniel 9:2; for the Aramaic, "Thou shalt find in the book of the records and shalt know," Ezra 4:15; and for the Greek, "Give heed to reading," 1 Timothy, 4:13."

A. D. W., Cove Hill, Oyster Bay, L. I., believes herself to be at least the hundredth to remind me of "the truly delightful 'Biography of Sidney Smith,' in two volumes, written by his daughter, Lady Holland." Alas, the reverend gentleman has not now so many defenders of his posthumous popularity, or if he has, they do not communicate with this department. The letter goes on, "I do so love to think of that especial shelf in the bookcase that offered to the youthful and ardent Mid-Victorian reader not only Lady Holland's 'Sidney Smith,' but Mrs. Gaskell's 'Charlotte Brontë,' Fanny Kemble's 'Diary from a Southern Plantation,' Julian Young's Diary and life of his father, Charles Mayne Young, and other similar joys. We had our biography pure in those days." This is the sort of letter I love to get, and that I like to point out to publishers with their minds on possible reprints.

Speaking of biography pure, especially when it deals with situations to which this adjective would not usually be applied, I am lost in amaze at the skill, completeness, and accuracy with which Ethel Colburn Mayne has set forth what used to be called the "Byron mystery" in her recently published "Life of Lady Byron" (Scribners). I was prepared by her "Byron," by far the best life of the poet, and little less than astounding when one reflects that the first edition appeared before so much essential information as there has been in recent years was at the disposal of a biographer. No doubt Miss Mayne's talents as a writer of fiction of the "psychological" order have stood her in good stead in placing her *en rapport* with the extraordinary family of Augusta Leigh and the even more amazing emotions of Lady Byron in their respect, but it has never handicapped her efforts at pure biography; this is no novelized account, but strictly verifiable statements for which chapter and verse are given. In the preface it appears that M. André Maurois stepped aside with his forthcoming "Life of Byron" and would not permit it to be published until this work had had the field for a considerable time to itself. This was of course polite to the author, but it was also advantageous to readers, who in this case certainly need a clearly-presented body of undeniable evidence before the summing-up appears.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 98*)

THE HAPPY PARROT. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Appleton. 1929. $2.50.

Of late years Mr. Chambers seems to have confined his fiction output exclusively to semi-historical romances so prevalently juvenile in tone and content that it is to be doubted if the books are intended for adult diversion. The latest addition to the series is a gory sea tale of slave-running and piracy in the disturbed days preceding the War of 1812. A young sailor, reduced to poverty and idleness because of the oppression to which the American merchant marine was subjected by the British navy, gains command of a slaver transporting blacks from West Africa to Florida. In the course of his hazardous undertakings, he survives a host of hair-raising adventures on sea and land, wins a blushing bride and, when war is declared against England, joins our navy and conducts himself valiantly in the famous fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. The story should prove a fascinating one for imaginative boys in their early teens.

THE DARK JOURNEY. By *Julian Green*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE NECESSARY MAN. By *Agnes Logan*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE MABINOGION. By *T. P. Ellis* and *John Lloyd*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $3.50.

CUP OF GOLD. By *John Steinbech*. McBride. $2.50.

EARLY CANDLELIGHT. By *Maud Hart Lovelace*. Day. $2.50 net.

CONVENT GIRL. By *Helene Mullins*. Harpers. $2.50.

LIFE GOES ON. By *W. G. Rogers*. Liveright. $2.

THE SANFIELD SCANDAL. By *Richard Keverne*. Harpers. $2.

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT. By *Fulton Oursler*. Harpers.

WARD OF THE REDSKINS. By *Sheba Hargreaves*. Harpers. $2.

LADIES AND GENTS. By *Vera Caspary*. Century. $2.

VALLEJO KITTY. By *Ann Knox*. Century. $2.50.

THE RED NAPOLEON. By *Floyd Gibbons*. Cape-Smith. $2.50.

THE BLADED BARRIER. By *Joseph B. Ames*. Century. $2.

MOSAIC. By *John Presland*. Appleton. $2.

THE SHADOW AND THE STONE. By *Lawrence W. Meynell*. Appleton. $2.

BRIGHT INTERVALS. By *Nancy Hoyt*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE LOVE OF THE FOOLISH ANGEL. By *Helen Beauclerk*. Cosmopolitan.

I THOUGHT OF DAISY. By *Edmund Wilson*. Scribners. $2.50.

ROUX THE BANDIT. By *André Chamson*. Scribners. $2.

SEALED ORDERS. By *John Goodwin*. Putnam. $2.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

WELCOME-STRANGER. By NEIL E. COOK. Appleton: 1929. $1.75.

Jerry the Kid, homeless but astute, foresees the possibilities of a spring of water, along a projected highway across the Arizona desert. That this spring belongs to Dad Dugold, the Chiquita Tarantler, makes no difference. Jerry imprisons the violent old man in his mine, for his own good of course (such are the imperialistic morals of this late Sunday School serial!), and reforms the hermit by building up his income. With a gas station started, they run into rivalry, experience a crime wave, and finally entertain millionaires. This is an unusual story, gusty and original, and uninterruptedly amusing. Jerry and the Tarantler start off well as characters, but they cannot keep their heads above the stream of incident, and the book, beginning as humor with a dash of pathos, degenerates into farce. Mr. Cook's ability to contrive ridiculous situations is marked, his sense of human failings can be richly humorous; to hold the one in check while maturing the other is his problem. His lean, muscular prose would alone raise "Welcome-Stranger" above most juveniles, and the book is emphatically recommended for reading aloud where mirth is wanted.

THE STORY PETER TOLD. By ELISE BALL. Holt. 1929. $1.75

Here is a new and an excellent approach way of the adventurous days of the early Christians in Rome when meetings had to be held secretly in the catacombs in order to hear Peter tell about his Master. Here is an introduction likely to arrest the imagination of the youngster in the harum-scarum years from eight to twelve when the philosophical side of Christianity makes no appeal but the hero worship side is very strong.

The life of Jesus, as Peter is supposed to have told it and Mark to have written it down, is presented from this heroic point of view, in this, the most direct, simplified life of Christ for children that we have come across. The explanations inserted are merely explanatory with no attempt to make the child see the events from the author's particular slant—that is left for the parent or teacher—while the passages likely to be beyond the child's grasp are simply omitted, making the book comparatively brief.

The style is good but sufficiently easy for an average nine or ten year old to read to himself without help, several chapters at a sitting—a feat which only the exceptional nine year old in these days wishes to do with the Bible text.

The illustrations are good, too, but not very numerous.

THE MASCOT GOES ACROSS. By ERNEST ELWOOD STANFORD. Century. 1929. $2.

Four boys, representing New England, California, and No'th Ca'lina, tour from Boston to San Francisco in a five dollar flivver. Mr. Stanford has written their log very successfully. His boys' natures are skilfully differentiated, the ribbon of continent is valuably described, a recurring criminal adds excitement, and the pages are filled with boys' jibes and good humor. The book is so delightfully human as to leave a good taste in the mouth, and as a guide for this transcontinental route is sufficiently detailed to get one across.

GRANTHAM GETS ON. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Appleton. 1929. $1.75.

Mr. Barbour is the busiest supplyman of juvenile letters and his goods increase in value; that is noteworthy. His secret lies in his compound of interest whetted by some handicap, suspense, quiet humor, excellent technical advice, and the final moment of deserved triumph for the hero. "Grantham Gets On" is above Barbour's average because his hero is below the usual athletic level, because he resorts to an asinine trick to raise himself, because of a thrilling chance acquaintance who reappears at the time of times, because there is no lily-painting, and finally because the clockwork is so well concealed. Incidentally the book is a good lesson in ball-playing.

THE RISE OF THE RED ALDERS. By LOU ROGERS. Harpers. 1928. $2.50.

This is a so-called animal story of the kind that should be fewer. The formula has been to take a regular blood-and-thunder story and people it with the gentle wood folk of swamp and stream instead of the usual oriental armies in fairy stories. Two beaver tribes are forced into a war through the wiles of the great Jee-Soot, a weasel, playing for control of his world. This seems to involve everyone from the mighty eagles to the eels of the mudbanks. The whole thing savors too much of man-doings in animal disguise and no real animal doings. Imagine nighthawks, bug hunters, feeding on flying squirrels and beavers, rather strict vegetarians on fried clam cakes—rot! The illustrations are clever, humorously human grotesques of animals.

Miscellaneous

THE ART OF MAKING A PERFECT HUSBAND. By a Husband. Harpers. $2.

TELL YOUR OWN FORTUNE. By *Doris Webster* and *Mary Alden Hopkins*. Century. $1.

RED CAVALRY. By *I. Babel*. Knopf. $2.50

THE DIALOGUE ON MIRACLES. By *Cæsarius of Heisterbach* Translated by *H. von E. Scott* and *C. C. Swinton Bland*. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $10.

FRENCH IDIOM LIST. Compiled and edited by *Frederic D. Cheydleas*. Macmillan.

THE POISON OF PRUDERY. By *Walter M. Gallichan*. Stratford. $2.50.

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